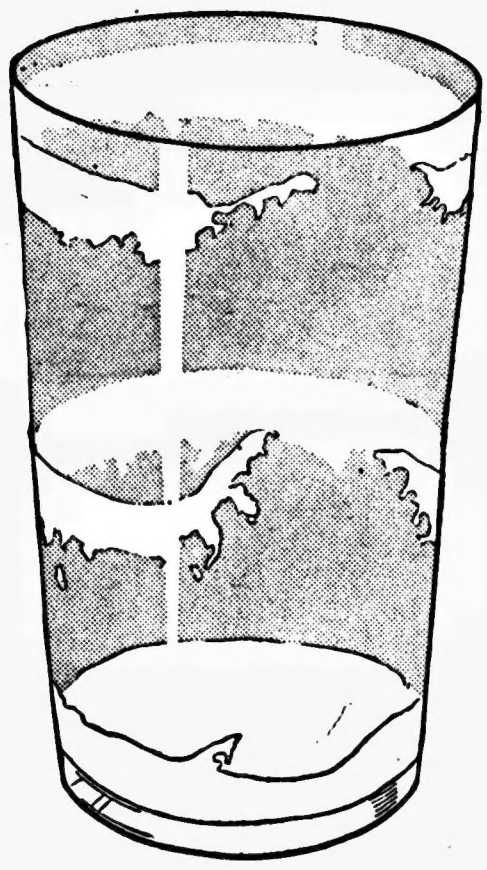
N BULL, JULY 18, 1931
VOPENCE.

JOHN BULL

Vol. L.
No. 1309.

OVER A MILLION SALE



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READERS' attention is drawn to the STARTLING REDUCTIONS IN THE PRICE OF BROOKE BOND'S FAMOUS TEAS on page 2.

AN offer appears in the COLGATE advt. on page 23 for readers to obtain a week's supply of COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM FREE. Mention *John Bull* when writing.

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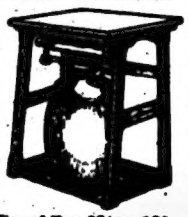

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The METAL DRAINER is rust proof and directs the water into the Tub.
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DON'T DELAY. SEND 6/6 TO-DAY.
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VACUUM WASHER
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WONDERFUL BALL VALVE
Saves Hours of Toil and Drudgery on Wash-day. Saves Coal, Gas and Soap. No Wash-boiler, Gas or Electric Power required. Its cost saved in less than a month.
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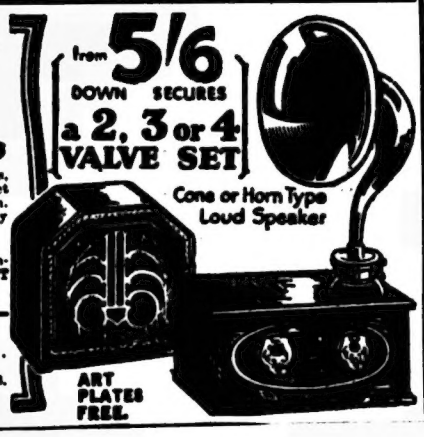

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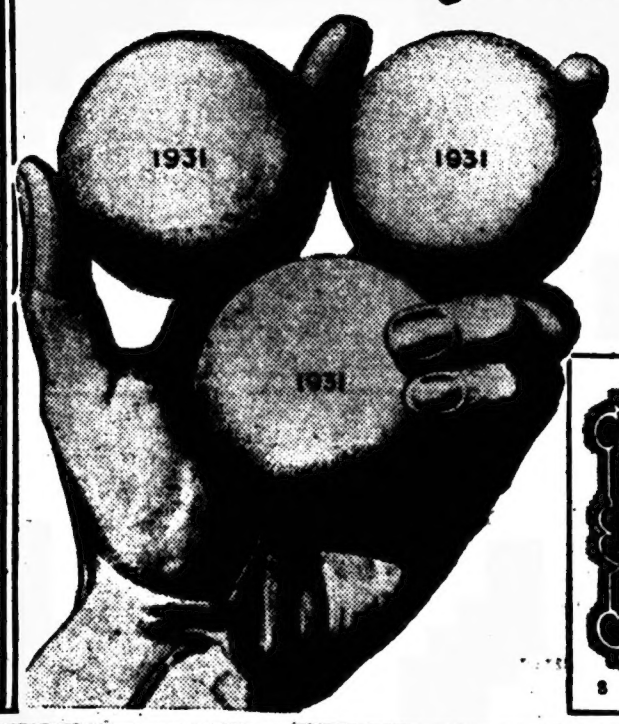

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JOHN BULL

For the People— *—the Right to Justice and Truth*

THURSDAY,
for Week ending Saturday, July 18, 1931. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.*

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

Civil Servants Breathe Again

HE £2,000,000 cut in Civil Servants' wages and bonuses, which was expected in September, is not coming off.

The cost-of-living bonus is shortly to be consolidated ermanent additional salary, and bjectionable sliding-scale fluctua- will vanish.

Snowden, who is very sympa- towards Civil Servants, will nly favour this much-needed re- which will remove a long-stand- rievance.

bly absorbed

posals are shortly to be con- d by the Government for ab- g into permanent, pensionable ns some of the ex-Service tem- Civil Servants now engaged in hall.

se men, although they did not the service through the ordinary e, have been doing their jobs re than ten years, and the view ning ground that they should no have "temporary" hanging heir heads.

re will probably be an im- t recommendation from the Commission on the Civil Ser- ith regard to these men.

ess danger

e training regulations of the Air Force provide for the ob- ce of minimum distances be- aircraft flying in tion, and n assure on. mem- hat every le care aken to ve the of colli-

"Sir George is not satisfied"

said Mr. tague, - Secre- for Air, ly to Sir e Penny,

George is satisfied, suggests the dan- warrants discon- nce of - forma- ork.

have already condemned the un- ary risks involved, and agree ir George that it would be wise pense with what is, at its best, ceremonial drill.

xcellent report

e is no doubt that the Mac- Committee on Finance and In- has done its work well. has made recommendations if carried out, will greatly im- the relationship between s and industrialists. ddition, it has produced a docu- hat will remain for many years tandard work on finance. report is written in clear and simple fashion, and can be understood by those having little knowledge of financial matters.

One of the important recommendations of this report is to the effect that new machinery should be formed to bridge the gap between the big banks and industry.

Industry needs new capital to capture foreign markets, but the banks say they must keep depositors' money where it is available at short notice.

* * *

As a result, industry has been starved of finance, but the adoption of the MacMillan recommendations may alter the whole position.

Next election

The view is becoming more and more settled in political headquarters that the next General Election will be in November of this year.

Preparations are being made in a great many constituencies for an intensive campaign during the next few months.

The election will be fought chiefly on the question of tariffs.

The next milestone

The figures of JOHN BULL's net sales published on this page tell their own story of steady and increasing success, all the more gratifying because it has been achieved in times of exceptional difficulty.

It is only six years since our readers helped us in our rally to reach the million mark.

They will be almost as pleased as we are to learn that to-day Britain's greatest weekly journal is so close to its next milestone of one and a half million copies a week.

We are proud to have won the confidence of so great an army of readers. Our old friends have stood by us and new ones join our ranks each week.

JOHN BULL is grateful to them all, and will not falter in its efforts to give them every week the best paper and the finest individual service it is possible to supply.

Still hopeful

Who says England has the depression complex?

Many of the leading colliery and coke companies in Northumberland and Durham are spending huge sums on coal-cleaning plant that eliminates waste.

This is because they feel that a trade recovery is near and they are not going to be unprepared.

Polish price-cutting has hurt the canny Northerner, but he can be relied upon to win through if given a fair chance.

Why women?

The time has come when action must be taken to stop the employment of female nurses in the male wards of mental hospitals.

At a conference of the Mental Hospitals and Institutional Workers' Union a resolution aiming at the protection of these women was moved.

The proposer referred to the "foul, filthy and degrading atmosphere of the mental wards." If his remarks were justified, it is clearly no atmosphere for women nurses.

Clean sweep

What are the odds against sweepstakes in Great Britain sanctioned by the Government and conducted on the lines of the Irish organisation?

After the Manchester meeting in November the appointment of a Select Committee to go into the whole matter is to be considered.

The Home Secretary will make an application for the appointment of this body, and it is on the cards that something in the nature of a sane development will emerge from its deliberations.

The Miners' Fund

Mr. Shinwell, Minister of Mines, has appointed a committee, under Lord Chelmsford, to report on past achievements and future prospects of the Miners' Welfare Fund.

Upon the report of this committee will depend very largely whether the fund will be continued in its present form, supported by the levy of a penny a ton on coal.

We hope that sympathetic treatment will be given to this matter, for the fund has done a noble work in the coalfields.

* * *

Miners still dare to hope that some part of its resources may one day be devoted to a well-deserved pensions scheme.

NEARING A MILLION AND A HALF

THE DIRECTORS,
MESSRS. ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
LONG ACRE, W.C.2.

Dear Sirs—

We have examined the Company's Accounts and Records relating to the undermentioned issues of JOHN BULL and certify that the NET SALES (exclusive of all free copies), after deducting Returns received during the week of each issue, were as set out below :—

1931.	Copies.	1931.	Copies.
Apr. 4	1,391,194	May 16	1,453,051
„ 11	1,398,735	„ 23	1,458,564
„ 18	1,406,265	„ 30	1,462,428
„ 25	1,410,409	June 6	1,478,749
May 2	1,429,607	„ 13	1,472,586
„ 9	1,435,409	„ 20	1,483,599
June 27			**1,491,159**

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) FRANKLIN, WILD & CO.,
Chartered Accountants.

Orient House, 42-45, New Broad Street, London, E.C.2.
10th July, 1931.

Still doubtful

Although a strong campaign is being waged in favour of Major A. G. Church's Bill to permit the sterilisation of the mentally unfit, it is by no means sure that the House will allow the measure to proceed.

His strong campaign

There are some provisions in the Bill which M.P.s think go much too far, while there is a wide variation of opinion among mental experts as to the uses and perils of sterilisation.

Experiments in other countries have not been long enough in force to give us a sure guide.

The Government has not yet made up its mind as to the attitude it will take, but the matter will be considered within the next few days.

Banks against wage-cuts

The belief that the Bank of England has been in favour of wage-cuts as part of a programme of industrial reorganisation can be denied on the highest authority.

The Bank is urging that wages should not be touched, but that the unit cost of labour should be reduced.

This means increased efficiency, new machinery and a lowering of overhead costs. It is a policy of industrial salvation, whereas wholesale wage-cuts would mean industrial suicide.

* * *

There is, unfortunately, a growing tendency on the part of some concerns to reduce wages, Courtaulds and J. and P. Coats being two great firms who should know better.

It is a deplorable policy to reduce the national spending-power, one of the main bases of a revival.

These firms with huge resources could well hold out for a little longer, and not stay the revival impetus at its very start.

Anybody noticed it?

The Trades Union Congress claims that real wages, measured in terms of purchasing-power, have been increasing during the last few months.

Taking the 1924 scale as 100, the index has jumped from 95.5 to 99.5 in the last four months.

To all intents and purposes, therefore, the wage-slump corner has been turned.

Not on Sundays

The Come-to-Scotland movement is being held up by primitive Sabbatarian restrictions.

In several Highland districts visitors have been informed that they will not be allowed to take any exercise on Sundays other than walking to and from church.

If this ridiculous attitude is maintained, Scotland must expect a loss of tourist traffic, and will deserve it.

"IF YOU SEE IT"—(Continued)

Bartering babies

Owing to loopholes in the law, a flourishing trade is being carried on in the baby market. The law requires any adoptive parent who is taking money for a child to report within two days of taking possession.

Two days is plenty of time for the baby profiteers. Cases have been reported recently in which an 80 per cent. profit was made on a baby by farming it out to a second party for a smaller sum.

There are also middlemen in this dastardly business, who draw commission from both parties in the transaction.

The obvious way to prevent it is to insist on people reporting to the local authorities *before* taking over a child.

Postal politeness

In view of severe criticism of the Post Office in Mr. George Middleton's article on page 7, added interest is given to the fact that there appears to be a drive to increase efficiency and improve the manners of counter-assistants.

Several of them have received notices which say: "It has been reported that you are below the average standard of efficiency in respect of alertness, balancing, knowledge of the rules, or manner with the public" (one or more of these complaints is crossed out from each notice).

"Further reports will be called for," the notice adds, "and in the meantime you are urged in your own interests to endeavour to effect an improvement."

Jack has his joke

The Navy's visit to Kiel has passed without much comment in the British Press. But Germans are overjoyed at it.

Jack's good manners and good humour have won him hosts of new friends.

Interviewed by a Berlin newspaper, one stalwart seaman remarked: "I'm glad we're here at last. You know we've been trying to get to Kiel for a long time."

"Is that so?" said the interviewer.

"Yes," said Jack gleefully. "Ever since 1914!"

Some other anomalies

It is a pity that the Government has not been a little bit more ambitious in the Bill by which it is seeking to remove unemployment insurance anomalies.

He points to a great mistake

Not all of these are on the one side. Many of them work to the detriment of the workless.

Sir Robert Aske, M.P., has pointed out that many men are unjustly penalised for making efforts to find work.

If a man starts a little business to avoid the misery of unemployment, it is held that he has left insurable employment. If his enterprise fails, he cannot get benefit again and must turn to the poor law.

Mistakes like this should have been remedied in the Bill.

140 days—300 miles

John Dobbins, an Englishman, aged twenty-two, made the mistake of crossing the American border from Canada in search of work.

He was detained 140 *days in Canadian and American jails.*

Then he was deported from Canada, and eventually reached Liverpool with his brother, who had a railway voucher; but John commenced to foot it home to Ashington—300 miles away.

With rare pluck and perseverance, he got there, with a memory of a tragic experience as his only reward for trying to get work.

His last memory of America was a train equipped with machine-guns and tear-gas plant.

And this, mark you, is the land of liberty!

A penny each way

An extraordinary outbreak of gambling among women and children has broken out in South Wales. House-to-house bookmakers are doing a tremendous business. The stakes, of course, are extremely small, but the total volume of betting is large.

In Cardiff there are quarters where, it is estimated, three-quarters of the families place daily bets of from threepence to a shilling.

In some streets the bookmakers' men call daily at the houses with the tradesmen, and the police are unable to stop them.

Even children have caught the fever, and risk their pennies or twopences.

In a recent police-court case evidence was given that eighty-one out of 184 persons seen to enter a bookmaker's office were children.

Who knows the truth?

The naval court of enquiry into the cause of the fire on board the British liner *Bermuda* is not satisfied.

It found that while the ship was moored at Hamilton, Bermuda, "two or three fires started simultaneously, but there was no apparent defect which could explain them. Nor was there any evidence of incendiarism. The ship's wiring was quite satisfactory, and her fire appliances were entirely adequate."

Funny! This is the third liner fire mystery—*Europa, Paris, Bermuda.*

A grand gesture

In calling in all Puss Moth light aeroplanes for alteration to the wing structure *free of charge to the owners*, the De Havilland Company, the makers, have performed an action of which all interested in British aviation can be proud.

Two accidents have taken place within the year to Puss Moths, one in Africa and one in Australia. In each case the company has frankly and plainly admitted that wing-failure, owing to extra stresses, was a cause.

The De Havilland Company's courageous action is in strong contrast to that of some foreign firms who hush up all accidents to their machines and throw all onus on the owners.

The moral is, if you fly, "Fly British."

At war with their own

Fleetwood fishermen have a genuine grievance in the fact that regulations prevent them entering the Firth of Clyde, but allow foreign trawlers to steal the fish.

This idiotic state of affairs is not improved by the fact that a British gunboat is engaged in keeping British fishermen away from the preserves, but cannot interfere with foreign trawlers, over which it has no jurisdiction.

Our fishermen have the galling experience of watching aliens sweep up fish and profits under their very noses.

In disgrace

The Huntingdonshire poor-law authorities are on the "black list" of the Ministry of Health.

The county council has steadily refused to provide a children's home, and youngsters are still kept at the poor-law institution.

The Ministry takes a serious view of this, and has demanded the immediate provision of a separate institution.

In the poor-law building, casuals have until recently been required to sleep on the floor, while conditions in neighbouring St. Ives are also far from satisfactory.

There seems to be plenty of room for reform in Huntingdonshire.

Crippling

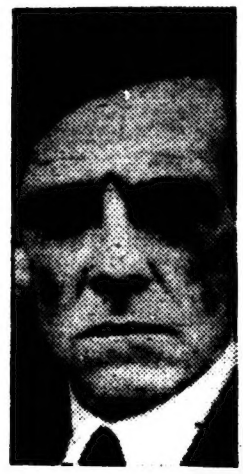
Mr. E. Williams, of Anchor Cottage, Taff's Well, is a cripple who was recently overjoyed at the gift of a mechanically propelled invalid-chair. His joy was checked when he found he had to pay £2 15s. for tax and insurance before he could use it.

That difficulty has now been settled, but the fact remains that poor cripples should not have to pay for their chairs. They cannot walk, and the least the licensing authorities can do is to waive the tax.

Insurance may be essential, but the unhappy cripple should have the right to keep clear of the clutches of the Road Fund.

The lonely ones

When the autumn session of Parliament opens, there may be a new Party in the House. It will consist of left-wing members of the Independent Labour Party, and the question depends on the decision reached by the annual conference of the Labour Party in October.



To form an extra I.L.P.

At present the I.L.P. refuses to accept the standing order which requires members to give complete loyalty to the Government.

The left wing desires to please itself, and while negotiations are still going on, the Labour Party leaders are determined to be masters.

Unless they give way, Mr. Maxton, Mr. Kirkwood, Mr. Buchanan and a few others will have to form an extra I.L.P. of their own.

Humanity

When Spillers, Ltd., acquired and closed down a big flour-mill at York, 250 men lost their jobs. In fifteen months, 180 of them have been found jobs in other mills and other distric and annuities were bought for th over sixty.

A special fund was established that these men would not suffer h ship. Many of them were set up small businesses, and ninety have r cently received cheques in final p ment from the fund.

Messrs. Rowntree, Ltd., is anoth firm that has done good work in like direction, and we commend plan as an excellent example to follo

The teapot storm

Mr. Ted Williams, a miners' repr sentative, has objected in the Ho of Commons to a certain class Scotch coal being imported Bristol Channel ports.

He apparently thinks that it throwing hundreds of Welsh min out of work.

The truth is that this coal has b used at Welsh steel-works for ma years, simply because it can produ gas at a considerably lower cost th Welsh coal.

Mr. Williams should have been m sure of his facts.

Fruity!

Slashing through the seas of t Caribbean at express speed, A American destroyers will race from t ports of the Spanish Main into N Orleans.

Guns, torpedo-tubes, depth-char have been discarded for bananas!

No fewer than 25,000 bunches them will be stowed under the spri steel decks of each vessel.

This is practical disarmament!

Too liquid

In our issue of March 21 last exposed A. E. Colbourn, a bogus bu ness consultant, who operated fr Manchester. That article was head "Ace of Tricks Unmasked."

It seems an amazing thing that t same man should ever have b allowed to occupy the responsible po tion of a company liquidator.

Under an order of the Lancast Chancery Court, Colbourn becam liquidator of the Northern Dirt-Tra Owners' Association last April.

He has just been removed from th post for failing to deliver up accou of the association.

The court also discovered that a re ceiving order was made against h the month before he became liquid tor.

ADAMSON'S— —Corking Shot

Cocksure P.O.

COCKSHY

by **GEORGE MIDDLETON, M.P.**

"The Treasury pockets extra huge profits which should go to paying proper wages to postal employees," says Mr. Middleton

FOR nearly a quarter of a century the Post Office has been the chief cockshy among the State departments. But it is a very cocksure cockshy. It has been hit so seldom, and when it has been hit, it has not been much hurt.

Triply armoured within the most solidly entrenched official clique of any department, it has resisted all assaults, Parliamentary or public.

The Post Office is an industry, a huge national industry, differing from most others only because it is State-owned and State-controlled.

It represents a capital investment of £50,000,000, and employs a quarter of a million people. It is a monopoly, and therefore has no competitors, no rivals. But although it is an industry, it breaks every canon of commercial practice.

It is a business with vast and complicated ramifications, yet it has no executive group like a board of directors who can be taken to task by shareholders when things go wrong.

Popping in and out

THE only figure the public or Parliament can reach is the Postmaster-General. He is the official chief of this colossal and intricate industry and—he is a politician, who holds his job just as long as his Party is in power.

Since 1914 there have been twelve P.M.G.s. Almost as soon as the permanent officials, who are the real rulers of the Post Office, have taught each one his job and given him some idea of the business he is to control, out he goes and another takes his place.

Behind this official figurehead the permanent officials work their own sweet will. They decide just what the service shall be, what the public shall get, and what the public shall pay.

No matter who the occupant of the office may be, no matter with what knowledge, with what ideals, with what intentions he takes over the office, he finds himself soon under the dictates of his officials.

The late Mr. Vernon Hartshorn struggled hard to escape from the nets of the officials, but in vain. Most of his great ideas for reform went by the board. The few he achieved were only at the price of a great struggle.

In one instance he gave an increase on the scales of pay of ex-Servicemen who enter into the Post Office at a late age.

After he had given his consent, he had a great fight with his own officials, and secondly with the Treasury. He could not get his promise implemented by his officials, until at last he threatened to resign.

Most of his successors have found the same difficulties with the officials, including the present P.M.G., Major Attlee. He had a bad time in April when he unfolded his plan for telephone development. Every speaker—in all Parties—complained of his lack of enterprise.

Yet he could merely speak on the lines of what his department had decided—the new "push" policy and advertising campaign, a paltering and grudging concession to public demand made by the permanent tin-gods. It was ridiculed right and left.

The question of the telephone service is a sore one. I mention it particularly because it shows more abundantly than any other the futility and incompetence of the present system of Post Office administration.

With every natural advantage, we are tenth in the world list of telephones per head in each country. London, the greatest city in the world, is twenty-sixth in the order of telephone development by cities.

'Phones flung back

LATELY the Post Office has told us that it is speeding up, that it is installing 250,000 new telephones every year. I seem to remember that this figure has been given quite a lot of publicity recently.

What, however, has not had so much publicity is the fact that in a year 125,000 telephones have been thrown back on the hands of the Post Office. They were given up by subscribers "for one reason or another."

I fancy that there would be some enquiries by shareholders if it were disclosed by a big firm that for every two new products it sold, one was thrown back to it within a year.

What of the other departments of the Post Office? Since 1914 we have lost over £22,000,000 running the telegraphs. During that time commercially run telegraph companies have been making huge profits. The telegraph service belonging to the nation has been deliberately sacrificed.

Sweated profits

IT is common knowledge that the postal service is unenterprising. Business men complain that it has deteriorated. The charge goes unanswered. The Post Office is indifferent to criticism. Collections and deliveries are fewer; rates are higher; letters take longer.

A letter still costs 1½d., presumably so that the Chancellor can put into the Treasury's pockets extra huge profits which should go to cheapening and developing services and paying proper wages to postal employees.

The present system of political control of the Post Office suits the Government, whatever Government it may be, but it is in danger. There is a big movement to remove the Post Office from Parliamentary control and to place it under a Trust.

Post Office profits are a convenient fund to be raided by the Treasury. Last year £10,000,000 was paid over to the Exchequer; this year the Chancellor has budgeted for £12,000,000. Such a sum is not to be sniffed at by a fund-hungry Chancellor.

And it will be provided. The department will see to that, whatever else suffers—and both the public and the employee *will* suffer.

The Post Office management of all its numerous interests is virtually the same as it was in 1870. There are scores of overlapping authorities and endless confusion.

Finally, as an employer the Post Office is a grave offender. Magistrates, in sentencing culprits among postal servants, frequently call attention to the sweated wages conditions under which postmen and others are employed.

Hundreds of Post Office servants live with their wives and families in rooms and cramped accommodation.

Although they are permanent, trusted servants of the State, their wages are so small that no building society will help them to purchase a home as other wage-earners are enabled to do.

All these things lead critics to say that there is only one way whereby the Post Office can reach to the full profitable efficiency and development. And that is to take it out of the hands of political and Party interference altogether. The present system, it is said, is outmoded and has failed.

Wake up or perish!

IT should be treated as the industry it is. State control would still be kept, although it were run on commercial lines. There is the precedent in the Port of London Authority, Imperial Communications, and the huge new transport control, which all run on State-control lines.

If that were done there would be some chance for rational development along lines consistent with the trend of modern demands.

It is entirely the fault of the administration of the Post Office that this agitation has grown up.

The Post Office must wake up if it is to retain its position. It has an absolute monopoly, but many of its best services are unknown to the public.

The Postmaster-General has it within his power not only to make it pay a handsome contribution to State funds, but to absorb thousands of our unemployed as well as to be a good employer.

The system whereby the Treasury bleeds the Post Office as a revenue-producing concern causes the public to regard it as an entrenched bureaucracy under political domination.

Let it alter its ways while there is time.

Candid Communications

Signor BENITO MUSSOLINI,
Prime Minister of Italy

DEAR DUCE,—You have a proverb in your country: "*Chi va piano, va sano e va luntano*" "Who goes slowly travels far and travels safely."

You know that I am opposed to all dictatorships, but, at the same time, I admire a strong man, and in some ways you have done much for your country.

Now I see that you have forbidden your Fascist followers to become members of the Catholic youth organisation.

Have a care, my dear Benito. You may muzzle the Press; you may compel political opponents to silence; but you cannot stifle a people's conscience. And greater men than you have crossed swords with the Vatican and have been worsted in the struggle.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. W. GRAHAM, M.P.,
President, Board of Trade

DEAR MR. GRAHAM,—I am glad to see that at last you have decided to do something about the foul and barbarous living accommodation allotted to crews on the majority of British ships.

Your proposals, however, do not go far enough. It is no consolation to those at present existing under these conditions to know that *future* ships will provide crew accommodation fit for civilised human beings.

A shore employer housing his men would be compelled to provide reasonable quarters, whatever alterations were necessary. Why not a ship-owner?

JOHN BULL.

"POSEIDON'S" BRAVE DEAD,
China Seas

AHOY, "POSEIDONS,"—Down there in your watery grave at the other side of the world you did not hear the distant English cheers raised in the House of Commons to your comrade Willis.

But if your whole story were known, how many other heroes would be recognised among you?

Your deeds remain untold, but knowing how British tars meet death, we will remember you, men of the Willis class.

The pride England feels in your gallant petty officer and his comrades who escaped with him reflects gloriously on you, too.

JOHN BULL.

VISCOUNT BYNG, G.C.B.,
Commissioner of Police

DEAR LORD BYNG,—The average person and his money are not fast friends and soon part company.

This fact is the stand-by of the street salesman who displays a tray of watches and sells small packets at a shilling for two, as a "special advertising offer."

He says: "If you don't get a watch, it's because you won't bid me a bob." One starts and then the rest of the crowd rush to give their money for rubbish dear at a third of the price.

You go for share-pushers. Why not keep a more watchful eye on the street-corner swindler?

JOHN BULL.

DANIEL HANRAHAN,
The Quadrant, Weybridge, Surrey

BRUTE,—Given the task of destroying a cat, you beat it with a stick until it could do nothing but lie on the ground and cry.

Then you fetched a spade and resumed hitting the poor animal.

Finally, you picked it up with the spade and threw it over a fence, where it was found by an inspector of the R.S.P.C.A., who put it out of its misery.

For this abominable cruelty the Chertsey Sessions fined you the miserable sum of 19s. 6d.

There is another meaning to the word "cat," and I wish it could have been applied in your case.

JOHN BULL.

MAKE *it a* FAIR FIGHT

The Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN,
10, Upper Brook Street, London, W.

DEAR MR. BALDWIN,—You despise petty tricks and shifts, and however strongly a section of the public may differ from your politics, you stand to them as an upright and common-sense man.

I am therefore surprised that you, as the Leader of the Opposition, have made no stand against childish snatch-vote tactics such as were employed by Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister and his following when the Government was defeated in committee on the Consumers' Council Bill.

It would be futile to tell me that this is only part of an inherited system, and that such tactics are established in tradition and practice.

The public is unutterably weary of those tactics, and they must be swept away if Parliament is to retain even the shadow of respect.

In the instance quoted, it is a sheer waste of time and money, and the trick will not wreck the Bill.

I urge you to come to an understanding with Mr. MacDonald to root out this bad and puerile method of conducting the State's business.

Let us have straight fights. Do away with the possibility of winning on a foul!

JOHN BULL.

MICHAEL ALTON,
St. Paul's School, London

DEAR MICHAEL,—Although I think there are far better occupations than rifle-shooting, I heartily congratulate you on your success at Bisley.

You had the distinction of being the first competitor to obtain the highest possible score with the Service rifle, and you are only sixteen.

I hope that the time will never come when you will have to put yourself behind a line of sandbags.

That keen eye of yours is worth a better fate and a finer use.

JOHN BULL.

The DIRECTORS,
London, Midland and Scottish Railway

SIRS,—I am grateful for your action in allowing free transportation between London and Dunkerque for the invalid-chairs of disabled ex-Service men.

Many of these war-shattered heroes will be glad of the saving when they visit the setting of the greatest and worst episode of their lives.

The fact that the facility operates at once, and that the production of a Government identity certificate is the only formality, is additional cause for satisfaction. JOHN BULL.

"JACK," c/o Mr. Thomas,
Padley's Yard, Swansea

DEAR JACK,—The master has asked me to lay aside my bone and write to you.

The other day you saved a man who clutched at your collar after you had dived in after him. When only two months old you saved a child.

I would like to wag a tail with you, Jack, because, when you come to think of it, we are a couple of fine animals.

JOHN BULL'S Dog.

Alderman C. F. SANDERS,
Cardiff

DEAR ALDERMAN,—In urging the Cardiff Corporation to adopt the evidence for submission to the Departmental Committee on Private Schools by the Council of Municipal Corporations you disclosed the astonishing fact that out of thirty-two private schools in your city, eight of them object to inspection by the local authority.

You have my warm support in your efforts to do away with Cardiff's hole-in-the-corner schools.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT from the Shoulder

MR. BEN TILLETT: "I don't know whether Eve pawned her fig-leaf, but if there had been any bankers around they would have had that."

Beyond doubt: and charged her 6 per cent. on the overdraft.

* * *

JUDGE BEAZLEY: "You ladies all look the same age from fifteen onwards. I never know whether you are of age or not."

It's difficult, of course, but a shrewd observer can usually figure it out.

* * *

MR. C. ROLAND FIELD: "There is no taxpayer who gets less value for his money than the British taxpayer."

This is a mischievous untruth; our social services are unequalled in every other country in the world.

Not from the B.B.C.—Mr. W. W. Vaughan, Headmaster of Rugby School, on

The PAINS of a Pedagogue

IT'S fine to be a pedagogue
And know a frightful lot,
And o'er the kids reign glorious,
With ne'er a voice censorious
To cry, "Oh, don't talk rot!"
For, screened from the democracy,
Mine is a close autocracy.

And gratifying, too, it is,
When Speech-Day comes along,
To strike a haughty attitude,
And then, with quip and platitude,
To devastate the throng;
While mothers gaze admiringly
And Old Boys cheer perspiringly.

But there are disadvantages
When one's so very wise,
Such cleverness and clarity
Don't make for popularity;
And those you criticise
May question your authority
And proved superiority!

I do not go so far as to say that *all* schoolmasters should be above criticism from the vulgar herd, for it would be absurd to claim such immunity for the headmaster of a county school, or even a private school.

But I do say that when the headmaster of a great public school opens his mouth, it should be as much as any dog's licence is worth to bark.

Unhappily, there is now abroad a spirit of disrespect, not far removed from Bolshevism. Authority is openly questioned, and outsiders, who have not enjoyed the advantages of a public-school education, refuse to acknowledge that the hand that grasps the birch-rod rules the roost.

* * *

For days I have been bombarded with abusive letters and disrespectful newspaper clippings because at Trent College Speech-Day I asserted that English intelligence is at a very low ebb.

In proof of this, I pointed to the popularity of that last resource of feeble minds, the cross-word puzzle, and drew attention to the awful futility of English conversation in contrast with that of the French.

The result is that hostile critics accuse me of talking through my mortar-board, and suggest that I must have assumed that the average level of intelligence at

Rugby is representative of the which prevails throughout the Kingdom.

And because I expressed the view that the trouble with the English is that they "do not like to think of disagreeable things," I am told in reply that this is why they don't think very much of pedagogues.

How can one deal with such impertinence? If I did not belong to the public-school caste I might answer my critics in their own vulgar way; but a Brahman cannot bandy words with Untouchables.

When I say that the bulk of the English
are fools,
I can but disdainfully stare
If you answer that some of "our great
public schools"
Have certainly turned out the
share

It's not mine to argue; I merely assert
And if you don't like what I say
You should—and you *would*, if a schoolboy—be hurt
In a rather undignified way.

At Rugby my subjects invite not a
frown;
They rush to obey when I nod.
How I wish I could order the Press
"Kneel down."
And enforce their respect with the
rod!

No need for panic when such fine little fellows are being reared—the real danger is the crowding into towns

In the MAW of the GREAT CITY

by A. G. GARDINER

WHETHER we regard the revelations of the census as good news or bad news depends upon whether we think an expanding population is
f that a country is on the up-
e. If we do, the census is bad
s.
r the major fact that sticks out
n this maze of statistics, tables
percentages is that we have
hed our high-water mark of popu-
n, and that in the near future the
will begin to recede.

One for two babies

uring the past ten years we have
d in round figures 2,000,000 to the
ulation of England and Wales, but
rate of increase is only half the
nal, and the process of shrinkage
roceeding so rapidly that by 1950
shall have an actually decreasing
ulation.
he explanation is simple: The
ldren are not being born.
fty years ago our birth-rate was
per 1,000 of the population.
ty years ago it was 28.7. Now it
fallen to 16.3. In other words,
one baby is born where two used
e born.
ith the exception of Sweden, we
now the lowest birth-rate in the
d—lower than France.
e magnitude of the slump in
s is concealed by the concurrent
in the death-rate. We are living
r than our fathers did—probably
less than twenty years longer
the average span of life when
census was first taken in 1801.
t this balancing factor is reaching
limits, and the decline in births
in the near future, express itself
diminishing population.
me people think this is very bad
indeed. They picture a future
hich the Englishman will be a
osity and the earth will be
nped with brown-skinned and
w-skinned and yellow-skinned
s.

Don't panic!

o not share this nightmare view.
not share it because these panics
t population are familiar, and are
r realised.
the beginning of last century,
the population of this country
only one-fifth of what it is to-day,
hus scared the world with his
rine that population was increas-
beyond the power of the earth to
ly food.
-day, with a world population probably ten times greater than then, the production of food and commodities is so much in excess of the demand that it cannot be sold at a price which will pay the producer.

But there is a more specific reason for not taking alarm at the check in our population figures.

This little island is the most crowded part of the earth's surface, with the possible exception of Belgium. It contains 685 persons to the square mile.

Japan, our nearest rival, has 403, Germany 350, France 192, the United States of America under 40, Russia still less.

The miracle is that with this unprecedented congestion we should nevertheless have achieved the highest standard of life of any country on the earth, with the possible exception of the United States.

In view of such facts, I view the prospect of a halt in the expansion of our population without alarm.

I am the less alarmed because I believe that the quality of a population is of more importance than quantity, and because in this respect this country is certainly on the upgrade.

If we have the lowest birth-rate in the world (save Sweden), we have also the lowest infantile death-rate. Fewer babies are born, but far more babies are kept alive. In the course of my lifetime the infantile death-rate has been halved.

We live longer, we live more healthily, we live in better conditions than we ever did, or than the people of any other nation does.

With fewer children being born and with the average life being prolonged, it naturally follows that the mean age of the people is being advanced. More and more we shall become a nation of middle-aged and elderly people.

Drifting in

Whether this, on the whole, is a good thing or a bad is an open question; but the fact is so, and we must accommodate ourselves to it.

Far more serious, I think, than the check in the growth of population is the light which the census throws on the changing distribution of the population.

The industrial predominance of this country during the nineteenth century, which was the cause of the unparalleled growth of our population, is now being seriously challenged.

The result is that during the past ten years we have seen the growth of a great army of permanently unemployed, chiefly in the industries which in the past have been the pillars of our commercial prosperity.

There is no country in the world where so large a proportion of the people are engaged in factory and workshop, and where so small a proportion is engaged on the soil.

Eighty per cent. of our population comes under the denomination of town-dwellers. In France the overwhelming majority of the population is in the countryside, chiefly engaged on the land.

Top-heavy

The peril of our position, of a country industrially top-heavy, was pointed out long ago by Prince Kropotkin in "Fields, Factories and Workshops." It is now becoming nakedly apparent under the pressure of the industrial competition which is springing up all over the world.

But it is still the towns and not the countryside where the population is growing.

There is a check in the mining areas and the great industrial centres of the North, where trade depression is most severely felt, but there has been a startling growth in the towns of the South, and especially in the metropolis.

Greater London now has a population of 8,202,818—that is to say, one person in every five of the total population of England and Wales now lives in the metropolis.

Nor does the case of London stand alone. Birmingham now tops the million, and many country towns in the south have become industrialised.

It is true that there is a tendency for towns to decentralise and spread themselves over the surrounding countryside. The inner ring of London, for example, is less populous than it was.

Chelsea, Deptford, Fulham, Islington, Lambeth, Poplar and Stoke Newington all show declines. But in the outer ring of London's suburbs vast populations have sprung up in the decade like mushrooms.

This is better than crowding at the centre, but it does not alter the fact that the towns are still absorbing the population of the country.

Surplus of workers

An ever-increasing metropolis, and growing manufacturing towns, coupled with a declining industry and a deserted countryside, present a picture that cannot fail to fill the thoughtful mind with anxiety for the future.

And that is the picture which undoubtedly emerges from the census returns.

It is not the fact that our population is reaching the point at which it must decline that should fill us with concern. The problem is what we are to do with a population which is in excess of our industrial needs.

Emigration offers no solution, for America has shut down its immigration and our Dominions are in as bad a case as ourselves.

We are realising now the tragedy of our neglected countryside, and there is nothing I should wish to see more in the census returns of 1941 than evidence that the drift to the towns had become a drift to the country.

Homely Wisdom—by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

What We Deserve

A COMPLAINT has just reached me from a person who, so far as I can remember, has never done much for anyone, but expects a good deal in the way of interest and sympathy from others. There are many people like that in the world.

Instead of being thankful that so much kindness has been shown to him, this person is incessantly grumbling that he has not received more.

His relations have failed to give him what he thinks it is their duty to give him; his friends have not done all that he wanted them to do; he resents the reluctance of his neighbours to assume responsibility for his comfort and convenience. He has a great deal to say about the cold and cruel world.

* * *

People who talk like this are apt to forget that they themselves are part of the cold and cruel world.

The world is made up of men and women who, for the most part, are neither cold nor cruel, but each with his or her own battle to fight, problems to solve, burdens to bear.

If a person makes himself a nuisance by continually demanding favours that he does not return, he is quite likely to find that the world turns the cold shoulder upon him.

It is unfortunately only too true that those who cannot help themselves are likely to be put upon.

If, through force of circumstances, bodily infirmity, or unavoidable misfortune, you become dependent upon the bounty of others, you may be made to feel humiliated, patronised, insulted, unwanted.

But the other side of the picture is equally unpleasant. There are plenty of people in the world who will take every advantage of kindness and good nature.

* * *

How many families are there in England to-day where difficulty and hardship are having to be endured because of the conduct of some of their members who have shirked their duty and drifted through life, with the consequence that they are a perpetual problem to the rest?

These shiftless and spineless individuals usually fare better than they deserve.

But we all fare better than we deserve in certain respects. We are surrounded with love and affection, we are the recipients of unselfish service day by day, that we seldom pause to think about, though if we were robbed of it we should be poor indeed.

Have we won it by our merits? No; our merits have little to do with it; it is spontaneously bestowed, and if we are wise we shall be careful neither to destroy it nor drive it away.

The greatest good we do in life is done by the giving of ourselves. To be a helper of your kind and a lightener of the world's load you must take trouble; something of your very self must go into what you do and say for others.

He who makes this his rule of life commands an esteem that widens with the years and blooms like flowers around his path.

Woman Raffles Unmasked

MEET "Daring Helen," a fascinating and vivacious young woman, with auburn hair and strikingly blue eyes, who has earned this nickname in the underworld because she is without scruple and without fear.

We doubt if her parallel is to be found outside the pages of sensational fiction; she stands alone as a Queen of Crooks, whose exploits have so far left Scotland Yard completely baffled.

Versatile and accomplished, she can ride, swim, and speak several languages; but for her crooked streak she could undoubtedly rise high and gain universal respect.

Near at hand

Though "Daring Helen" prefers to work alone, she has two very able male accomplices always at her beck and call, while a score of adventuresses are ready to aid her whenever the necessity arises.

Because of her undoubted charm and forceful personality, she has gained entry into many exclusive circles, and titled people and others high in society are among her victims.

In the name of Agnes Stewart, "Daring Helen" recently called at the Kensington, London, home of a certain lady of title and sought an interview.

Mentioning a mutual friend who had just gone abroad, Helen said that it had been suggested that she should apply for a post as companion to an elderly member of the Kensington household.

She had never thought of offering her services in this way before, but her mother, with whom she had lived in Devonshire, had died, and the estate had realised far less than had been anticipated.

She mentioned her qualifications as a linguist, and seemed so obviously a gentlewoman of considerable culture that her proposal was most sympathetically received.

She produced two letters of introduction from well-known people alleged to be intimately acquainted with her family.

Bustled—off

Helen started her duties in the home next day, impressing everyone by the willing manner in which she took upon herself various duties.

She had not been there long before it was clear that she was a born organiser, who had many original and useful suggestions to make for the smooth running of the household.

But after three hours of bustling efficiency, Helen suddenly disappeared, taking with her a choice assortment of jewellery—pearls, rings, pendants and earrings—and a selection of her mistress's latest gowns.

A visit to the "temporary London address" she had given at Ferdinand Street, Regent's Park, N.W., showed that she was unknown there.

As for the letters of introduction, these were forgeries, for "Daring Helen" was certainly not known to the persons whose signatures they purported to bear.

Actually, they were the work of an exquisite penman, well known to the police, who is Helen's chief assistant in coups of this class, and who generally meet her to help her carry away her hauls.

With the aid of another male associate, similarly notorious, she usually contrives to turn her "swag "into cash within a few hours of bringing off each haul.

Coups like this have been reported in the past few months from all parts, including Hove, Windsor, Scarborough and Poole. Many thousands of pounds are involved.

In the alias of Peggy Saunders, she recently contrived to obtain a position as reception-clerk at a West End hotel.

Here again she told a story of a sudden change of fortune owing to bereavement and bad family investments.

Forged letters backed up her own indisputable talents and accomplishments, so that the management engaged her without hesitation.

Clever coup

For days she worked with convincing efficiency: then, confidence being fully established, she launched an uncannily clever coup.

Posted in the reception-office was the usual notice to the effect that the management would not be responsible for valuables lost or stolen in the hotel unless they had been specially deposited in the safe. The fact that hotel thefts had been rather rife gave Helen an inspiration.

Cleverly gauging the standing of incoming guests, she singled out likely victims and, drawing attention to the printed notice, warned them against thieves.

Specialist

She chose her prospective victims well, for quite a number readily handed over valuables to be locked up for them, and Helen promptly decamped with the lot.

The amount of her haul can be appreciated when we say that one item alone was a wallet containing £700.

But "Daring Helen" specialises in handsome hauls.

Three months ago she got away with an assortment of jewellery, which included a priceless string of pearls that had been lent to the victim by a friend on the previous day for the purpose of attending a ball.

Apart from the various provincial exploits which must undoubtedly be attributed to Helen, the police have recently investigated London affairs in Clarges Street, Piccadilly; Maddox Street, W.; Ha... market and ... desbury.

She is kno... cashier, lady's-... cook — even ... maid—in turn, ... on rare occa... exhibits a more ... ter side of her ... acter by compro... ing some male ... ber of a house... she has robbed ... order to render ... chances of ... more unlikely.

Many crooks ... fallen into ... hands during ... past year for ... in possession ... jewellery stolen ... Helen; yet she ... trives to remain ... large, going fr... triumph to triu...

Sometimes she does not even tro... to secure a position in a house she ... tends to rob, but makes applica... while the mistress is absent and h... herself to valuables while awaiting ... return.

Although she always poses as ... single woman, Helen is known to ... the mother of a little girl whom ... callously abandoned upon a doo... in the West End of London some ti... ago.

The child is now maintained ... home for unwanted babies.

Helen is only thirty-three now, ... ran away from her respectable ho... in the East End of London when ... was sixteen to become a waitress i... West-End restaurant.

"Vivacious, with auburn hair and strikingly blue eyes"

Underworld Queen

The lure of the night life was ... strong for her, and she soon bec... the foil of a gang of expert je... thieves, living with the ringleader ... some time as his wife.

Then she determined to become ... Underworld Queen in her own ri... and, after playing a lone hand ... various parts of the country, she w... apprehended by the merest chance ... Dover, where she had acquired je... to the value of £1,500.

Thus she earned her first pri... sentence.

Since her release in the autumn ... 1929, "Daring Helen" has acqu... considerable polish and has qual... in a hundred ways for a further s... in jail.

In her spare time she has latte... indulged in a little shoplifting to ... fashionable clothes, for she never ... lieves in paying for anything.

Little and—

Yet this daring, resourceful a... versatile crook is a mere slip of ... woman, under 5 ft. in height.

She has nearly forty aliases, incl... ing those of

Doreen Hoskins	Peggy Saunders
Lily Marchant	Denise Clayton
Nellie Perkins	Billy Morgan
Vera Swanson	Helen Stone
Elsie Trowers	Elfe Sheppard.

Like all master crooks, "Dar... Helen" has one marked peculiarit...

Though thoroughly up to date ... her methods, she always includes ... bundle of candles in her luggage. ... if any coup calls for work in ... hours of darkness, she favours can... light!

Dud-Cheque Dude

AVOID Gerald Vladimir Crichton! He looks harmless in his fashionable clothes, and if you saw him sauntering through the West End of London you would never guess that he is a much-wanted man. But he is.

Gerald likes the best of everything. That is why he haunts the best hotels and the more exclusive cocktail-bars; that is why he shops in Bond Street or the immediate vicinity.

His shopping is polished and unhurried. He will linger long selecting articles for personal adornment; and he invariably tenders a cheque.

* * *

He doesn't look the sort of person who would attempt to pass a dud cheque; that is why he gets away with it.

But he has been getting away with it rather too frequently of late for the peace of mind of various hotel proprietors and shopkeepers.

His cheques, all drawn upon the Moorgate Street branch of a famous bank, have an unhappy habit of coming back marked "No account." And Gerald, meanwhile, saunters blithely on his way through Mayfair.

* * *

It sounds simple; but Gerald has had practice. He has operated in Australia, New Zealand and France, and the police of all these countries know him, for he has been convicted in all three.

Now he is at large in London, passing variously as William Upjohns, Herbert Wellington and Creighton McKenna, though more often as Gerald Vladimir Crichton.

So readers will appreciate this warning.

This week I Expose—

The PIRATES OF Piccadilly

Detective-Inspector Chapman, of Scotland Yard, recently applied to a Bow Street magistrate for a deportation order against an American interested in this scheme

By Major-General
SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS
K.C.M.G., K.B.E., C.B.

DURING the momentous trial of three financiers just concluded at the Old Bailey in connection with the Broad Street Press share swindles, ge Holman Gregory made some ificant remarks about Jacob Fac- the "Demon Barber from cago," who was the master-mind nd the scheme.

ore than a million of money was ined from dupes throughout the ntry, and while I am genuinely y for these luckless investors, there me satisfaction in knowing that BULL warned readers against Broad Street Press frauds from nception in 1929.

Discerning judge

untless individual enquirers were warned by post to shun these e offers, so a large section of the sting public was thus saved from ing its fingers.

is week I hope to be in time to others from similar pitfalls, but I want to stress an important t to which Judge Holman Gregory ally drew the jury's attention in recent proceedings.

pointed out that the pivot on h the Broad Street Press con- tors worked was a bogus financial paper, well produced to give the f an authentic publication.

We will send free copies to lists of eholders in other companies," the e said was the conspirators' plan, d obtain their confidence by giving one or two good tips. . . .

Then, when we have induced them come interested in the paper, we follow on with circulars which give good advice, and gradually will advise them to buy worthless s in which we are interested, and uid them."

Action demanded

many bogus financial news- rs have been operating of late in manner so aptly summarised by e Holman Gregory that I would me official action.

ought to be a criminal offence for publications to be circulated ut being registered, say, with the panies Department of the Board rade, which could keep an expert upon them.

e desirability of this will be ap- nt from the following disclosures. ns of thousands of copies of a printed, twelve-page newspaper recently been circulated by post company possessing the inspiring title of the Princes Investment Trust, Ltd., of Princes House, Piccadilly, London, W.

This publication is known as *Investment Facts*.

It is printed on expensive paper, and gathers an air of stability by presenting an impressive photograph of Princes House, a large and magnificent building from which the Trust cleverly derives its title.

Though people may be excused if they surmise that the fine building belongs to the Trust, they can take it definitely from me that this is not the case, and that the use of the photograph in this way is a piece of impudent showmanship.

Investment Facts is ablaze with alluring catch-lines and slogans. "Secure the facts," is one; "Knowledge is power" is another; "Get in on the ground floor," "Think and act," "Grasp it!" and "Consult before—not after."

Cunning bait

The latter exhortation is good, but I intend to apply it in a way which may not meet with the Trust's approval.

Now, curiously enough, as was the case with the bogus newspapers employed in the Broad Street Press swindles, a high percentage of the information given in *Investment Facts* is sound.

Such excellent propositions as Bovril, Ltd.; Brooke Bond and Co., Ltd.; Western Union Telegraph Co., Ltd.; J. Sears and Co., Ltd., and many others are cleverly, though impudently, "written up" to deceive recipients of the paper.

But, reading between the lines, an experienced eye can detect many things.

I note, for instance, that while seemingly lauding many reputable investments, the Princes Investment Trust, Ltd., is very anxious to let its readers "in on the ground floor" in an oddly-named venture known as "The One Low-Priced Investment Trust."

This, readers are told, is "one of the greatest opportunities ever presented to the investing public."

Yet, strange to say, I can find no record anywhere of the financial standing or history of this "One Low-Priced Investment Trust."

But let me strip the proposition of some of its idealistic language and tell you about it in my own blunt way.

The Princes Trust claims to be able to make £6 for every £1; but investors must not be greedy. They cannot put in more than £200 (or less than £5), for it is only fair that others should have a chance.

Now a return of £1,200 for £200 is not to be sneezed at in these days of depression, and investors may wonder how it can be done.

If we are to believe the Trust, it is simplicity itself, for it "contains in its portfolio the securities of forty sound, prosperous companies, with unsurpassed earnings and dividend records, and directors famous throughout the country. . . ."

The combined assets of this group are said to be in the neighbourhood of £580,000,000, with "reserves and undivided profits of £108,000,000, which will guarantee absolute security."

So it will be appreciated that the lure to invest is very strong.

How generous of the Trust to offer to let the public "in on the ground floor"!

But its generosity does not end there. Even those without available cash can be permitted to participate if they send along any securities, such as War Loan stock, that they may happen to hold.

The Trust will be only too pleased to dispose of the stock and reinvest the money in the £580,000,000 group.

Since the public is being invited to subscribe amounts from £5 to £200 and to surrender valuable securities for conversion, it may be as well to find out what it is likely to get in return.

If those forty companies are really doing so well, why are they not named?

If they have earned handsome profits and paid record dividends, why are no particulars given?

If they are under the control of "famous directors," why cannot the public be told of their identity?

And if the proposition is as good as it is claimed to be, why is it being broadcast?

Why is *Investment Facts* being circulated without charge?

And why is the Trust so anxious to let strangers "in on the ground floor"—even if they have no liquid cash?

Tips by 'phone

Why does it not go after the immense profits on its own account in a more businesslike fashion?

Why is it even troubling to put through long-distance telephone-calls in an added endeavour to persuade people to "come in"?

And why is it sending glib-tongued American salesmen to round up others?

Let would-be investors put these queries, and meanwhile let me say that the Princes Investment Trust, despite its regal name and palatial office, is a sham little company of very modern birth.

Although *Investment Facts* cleverly suggests on its cover that the Trust has a capital of £100,000 and was established as long ago as 1902, it was, in fact, only registered in February last with the trumpery capital of £100, only £11 being issued for cash.

Moreover, the "One Low-Priced Investment Trust," with its £580,000,000 interests, is, I find, merely another newly-formed concern called the British Fixed and General Trust, Ltd., with a registered capital of £2.

Stress is laid in the literature on the fact that investors' money will not be used for overhead expenses.

Boy—with brains

Who, then, is paying for the production of *Investment Facts*, for the telegrams, trunk-calls, "the highest grade and most experienced group of economists, statisticians and security analysts"? Who is paying the jazz salesmen and other staff?

The alleged philanthropists behind this scheme are given in the literature as "William Wills and Frank L. Chapple."

Actually, I can reveal the real instigator as a notorious American share-pusher named Milton Small, who is known to the New York police as the "Boy Broker of Wall Street."

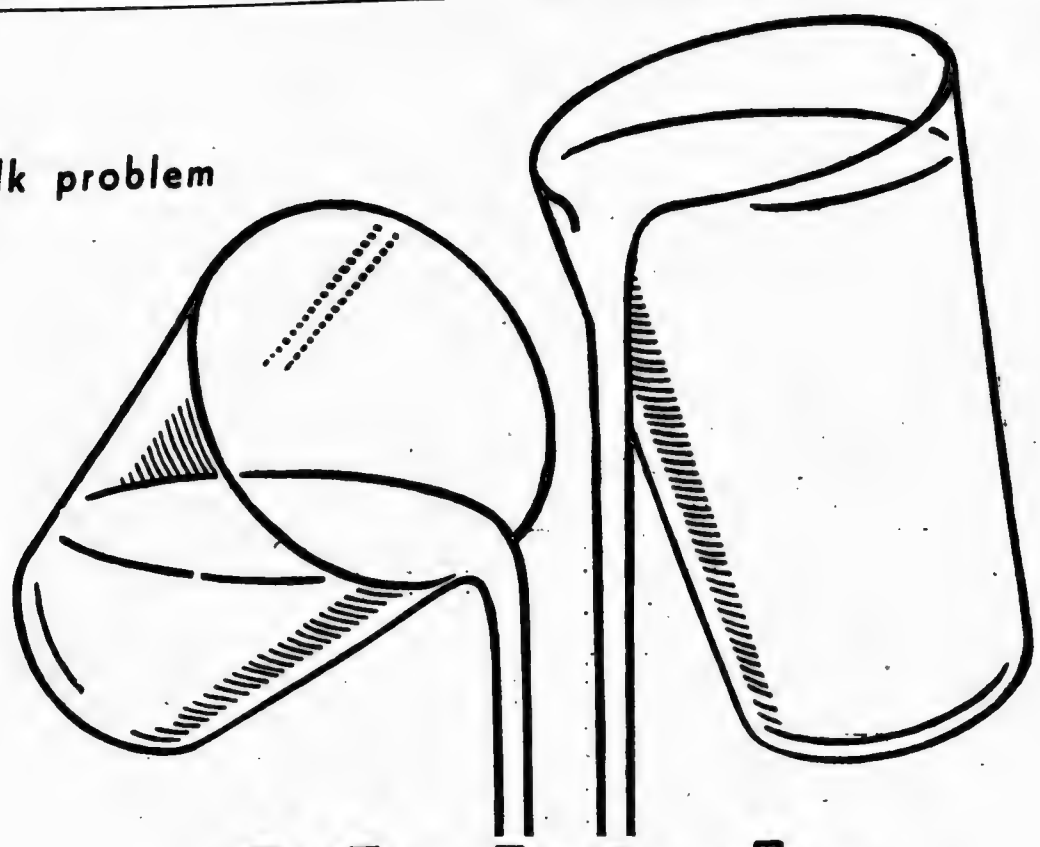
He launched this present scheme in association with several other American confidence men to "get in on the ground floor" at the expense of the British investing public.

The proposition should be rigidly shunned, and if any readers have unwittingly parted with money already I urge them to seek legal advice without delay.

Factor—the "Demon Barber from Chicago"

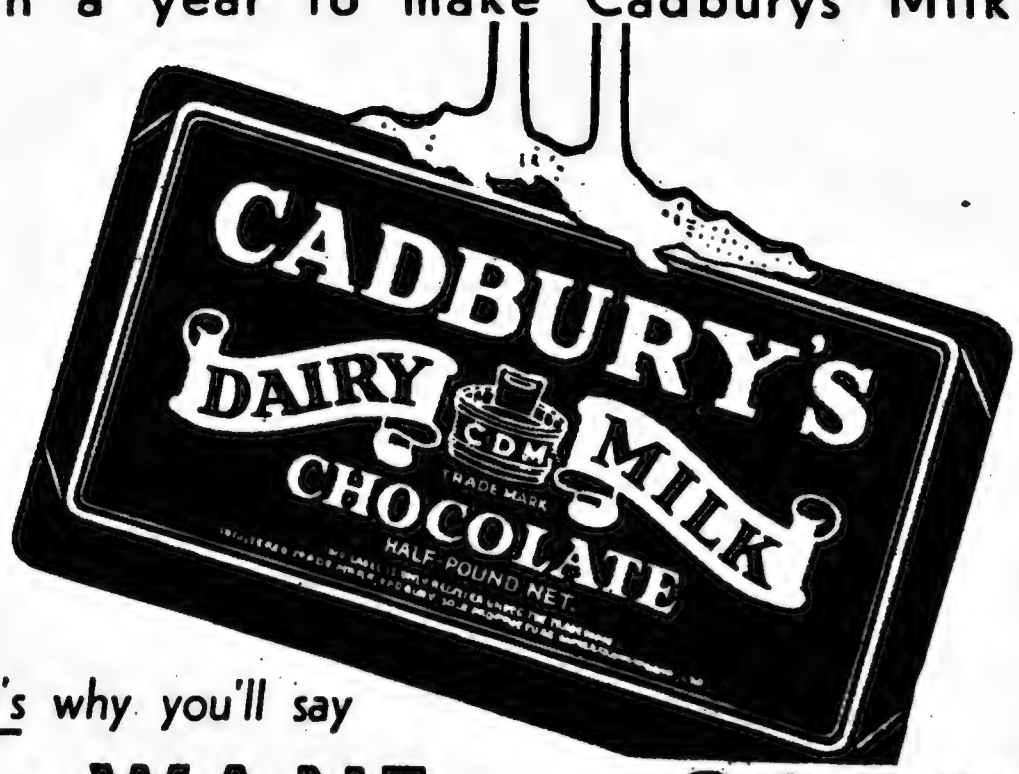
This £580,000,000 Mystery

A little milk problem



Multiply $1\frac{1}{2}$ glasses by 117,000,000

and you get the amount of full-cream British milk used in a year to make Cadburys Milk Chocolate



A glass and a half of full-cream milk in every $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. block.

Half a cup of full-cream milk in every 2d. bar.

– and *that's* why you'll say

'I . . . WANT . . . CADBURYS'

Amazing CAR SMASH MYSTERY

Lady Warwick imposed the fine and Mr. Justice Hawke settled the action for damages

"Completely wrecked—the crash was heard a mile away"

THE extraordinary divergence of opinion displayed by magistrates in dealing with motoring offences has long been a sore point with the blic.

An incredible magisterial decision, instance, inflicted upon a man who s both mentally and physically inpable of properly opposing it at the ne, was passed at the Warwick rough Police Court a few months o, with her ladyship the Countess of arwick in the chair.

In view of the fresh evidence placed fore us, and the pathetic inner circmstances of the case, we say at once at the conviction ought not to be owed to stand, and that the Home cretary should take steps immedily to have it set aside.

Few people can have had a more adful experience than the victim this case—Mr. Leslie W. Smith, of ventry, who, with his brother, was volved in a shattering motor accint in September, 1929.

From that moment troubles have cumulated for him in an unbelievle fashion. To-day he is broken in alth, unemployed, and several hund pounds out of pocket.

The brothers were motoring at night a small tricar when they came into llision with a large saloon-car, wen by Mr. George Lindsay, of ratford-on-Avon.

Scattered abroad

The force of the impact was such t the crash was heard nearly a le away; the saloon was turned on side and the tricar was completely cked.

The photograph which we reproduce this page shows the condition of tricar. One wheel was torn from and impaled upon the dumb-iron the saloon.

The brothers Smith were knocked onscious and had to be removed hospital by ambulance; yet the occupants of the saloon were able to proceed home in another car.

Mr. Leslie Smith, who had been driving, did not recover consciousness for two weeks, then for some time he hovered between life and death.

He was suffering from concussion, a fractured skull, compound fracture of the right leg and left arm, and various minor cuts and bruises.

His brother sustained a fractured kneecap, fractured ribs and a broken nose.

When, three months later, Leslie was discharged from hospital, he received—on Boxing Day, in fact—a summons to appear at the Warwick Borough Police Court for driving in a manner dangerous to the public.

He was still under treatment as an out-patient, so he naturally applied for an adjournment on the grounds that he was physically and mentally unfit to defend himself.

A cryptic reply came informing him that he must attend on January 2 without fail, and that to ensure this a warrant had that day been issued for his arrest!

So, in this shattered condition, he entered the court at a great disadvantage.

He actually limped in on crutches, and had to sit throughout the proceedings in intense pain, with one leg propped up on a chair and still encased in plaster of Paris.

What sort of a case was brought against him? In the circumstances one would naturally suppose that cast-iron evidence would have been available.

Will it be believed that this case was brought without any independent witness to the accident beyond Mr. George Lindsay, the driver of the saloon involved in the smash?

Mr. Lindsay declared that he was on his correct side of the road when he saw the lights of an approaching car in front of him. Then there was a bang, and his own car turned over.

He could not furnish any statement regarding speed because everything "happened so quickly."

The only other "witnesses" the prosecution could call were two men who said that the tricar had passed them on the road just before the crash.

They admitted that it was then on its correct side of the road; that they did not actually see the subsequent collision, and that they only "estimated" that it had been travelling fast "because of the noise it was making."

Now, every keen motorist knows that the type of vehicle Smith was driving is inclined to be noisy, so how could it possibly be contended that Mr. Leslie Smith was driving to the public danger on the strength of such scanty "evidence"?

The fact remains that the Countess of Warwick and Alderman J. C. Purser, who heard the case, fined Smith £10 and £1 15s. 6d. costs.

Could anything, in view of the events which followed, be more disturbing?

No other witnesses

We have before us a copy of the original police notes of the accident, in which it is emphatically stated that the only witnesses were the "parties concerned."

And as the Smith brothers were unconscious and could not give their version of the crash, the police could only have acted upon the views of the uninjured driver of the other car.

At first Mr. Leslie Smith felt strongly prompted to appeal, but apart from the fact that he was advised that this would cost him a great deal of money, and he had none, there were other complications to be considered.

Smith, having consulted solicitors, decided, despite his conviction, to take action jointly with his brother against Mr. Lindsay for compensation.

When the case came up before Mr. Justice Hawke at Birmingham Assizes recently, his lordship, halfway through the hearing, suddenly intervened, saying that this was a case in which he "might find it necessary to take a certain course."

The outcome was that he invited counsel for both sides into his room.

Judge perplexed?

On their return it was announced that a settlement had been reached.

"Mysterious happenings have been taking place," Mr. Justice Hawke told the jury, which they might or might not have understood.

They arose out of a code of honour that existed at the Bar, and the jury would not be troubled further.

Whatever all this may mean, the fact remains that Mr. Leslie Smith and his brother are no better off.

The opposing side has agreed to pay £200, but the brothers borrowed nearly this amount to fight their claim.

Leslie, in particular, has nothing to compensate him for his shattered health, his lost job, the loss of earnings while incapacitated, and the loss of his car!

A PARASITE *in* PETTICOATS

AT the beginning of June there arrived in Barnstaple a most attractive woman, who gave the name of Doris Mildred erts, and took up residence at a l hotel.

rom the first she began to show a n interest in the local Christian ntists, explaining that her brother outhampton, whence she had just e, was a very active supporter of movement.

this way she made the acquaint- e of several members, among them an whose friendship she cultivated e closely.

a confiding moment, Miss erts mentioned that she and her her had jointly inherited £30,000 n an uncle.

* * *

would be a little while before the ey was actually available, but her her was attending to all the busi- details.

r earnestness in following the stian Scientist movement inspired ect, and the man did not suspect that a clever snare was being set for him.

When Miss Roberts eventually confided that she had made up her mind to purchase a business at Ilfracombe and would be delighted to put his son into it in due course, the man was still further impressed.

* * *

Then came a day when the charming Miss Roberts appeared to be just a trifle perturbed.

On being asked what was wrong, she explained that she had secured an option on the very business she desired on the understanding that she paid a substantial sum at once.

She had wired to her brother asking him to forward her a blank cheque, but had learnt that he was absent from home on business.

The Christian Scientist listened with sympathy, and willingly agreed to advance the necessary money, accepting Miss Roberts' assurance that it would be refunded within a week.

But when a week had passed there was no sign of Miss Roberts in Barnstaple, and it now transpires that several other people have been duped.

In approaching some victims she made crafty use of the Christian Scientist's name, mentioning that his son was going to be installed in her business at Ilfracombe as soon as it was launched.

Among her various dupes is a man who advanced her money towards the purchase of a house—also supposed to be in Ilfracombe.

Actually, Doris Mildred Roberts is a notorious woman crook, who is wanted in various places where she has masqueraded as an heiress in order to trick men.

* * *

She habitually pretends to identify herself with some religious movement, partly to allay suspicion and partly to gain speedy entry to a wide circle of friends.

It is true that she was recently in Southampton, because a number of people there already regret her visit. And, prior to that, she was an inmate of one of His Majesty's jails!

This is Why

I Never Powder In Public

Men dislike to see a woman constantly dabbing powder on her face. But many girls think there is no other way to prevent the skin from becoming shiny and glistening. I have found, however, that when a good face powder is blended with Mousse of Cream, as in Tokalon Mousse of Cream face powder, it stays on all day in spite of wind, rain or even while dancing in a warm ballroom.

Besides rendering it adherent and invisible, the "Mousse of Cream" in Poudre Tokalon also makes it a splendid skin tonic stimulating the tissues and never clogging the pores. Now, I always have a smooth, clear, delicate complexion that the girls envy and all men admire. The man who recently proposed to me says it is my lovely skin and complexion that first attracted him.

1/– a box, Large box (double 1/– size), 1/6. Compacts, 1/3, Refills, 9d. The new Rachette shade (dark Rachel) is specially prepared for sun-tanned skins and pronounced brunette complexions.

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A new blend
SMALL LEAF GREEN LABEL 2/- lb.

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All teas offered at the new reduced prices have the words **REDUCED PRICE** *printed in red on the packets. Look for this wording on the packet and you can be sure of receiving the full benefit of the reduction.*

The "barbed wire" was wrenched away from beautiful Aber Falls

BEAUTY BEHIND *Barbed Wire*

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

NOW that armies of young men and women have realised that hiking is the golden way to health and strength, there is no question that more immediately affects them than the maintenance of every public right-of-way.

How important it is to maintain real vigilance in this matter is seen from the fact that *every year something like two thousand attempts are made to deprive the public of some of its rights in this respect.*

Sometimes it is done openly. There is a well-known and well-used footpath leading to Aber Falls in North Wales—one of the most magnificent walks to be found in the whole of Great Britain. This path had been open to the public for at least twenty years.

Suddenly there was a new owner of the land through which the path ran, and without the slightest warning the right-of-way was closed.

It was fortunate for the public that the local authority in that particular district was alive and vigilant.

Covertly done

It brought an action against the owner and won the day; but it cost £1,500 to do it, which the local ratepayers had to find.

Sometimes it is done more covertly, as hikers in West Cornwall—the "Delectable Duchy"—have recently been finding out. In this area an appalling number of footpaths have been rendered impassable or blotted out altogether.

I have been making some enquiries into this matter of the rights of the public to pass over footpaths and enjoy open spaces.

I am told that there are still about 1,600,000 acres of common-land left in England and Wales—some 2,500 square miles—and it behoves us all, whether actual hikers or not, to keep a sharp look-out to see that this remains common-land.

There are something like 300,000 footpaths and public rights-of-way in this country. It is worth while being vigilant to see that these remain free.

I am not stressing this point unduly. Had it not been for the action taken in Parliament and in the Law Courts by the Commons, Open Spaces and Footpaths Preservation Society, more than 400,000 acres of commons which are now available for the enjoyment of the public would long ago have been closed.

Splendid work

It may sound incredible, but it is the cold truth that this society has been mainly instrumental in saving for the public such invaluable open spaces as Epping Forest, Hampstead Heath, Wandsworth and Wimbledon Commons, Banstead Downs and Berkhampstead.

That lesser known places slip away from the public, and that disused footpaths are gradually enclosed, is not, after this, very surprising.

One of the real troubles is what I have just mentioned—that very often footpaths and bridlepaths are closed simply because the hiker, having no knowledge of their existence, never uses them.

It should obviously be made the duty of every local authority to have an authoritative map prepared of every public right-of-way in its area, and to see that such maps are displayed where the public can have ready access to them.

In some districts, it is true, footpaths associations and the like have already done this, but it is too important a matter to be left to societies and associations.

Meanwhile, there is a lot the public can do to help itself, for, despite the many attempts at restriction, it has definite rights.

Prompt notification should be given either to the local authority or to some such body as the Commons, Open Spaces and Footpaths Preservation Society of every encroachment noticed on commons, village greens or roadsides.

Call the attention of the authorities also to every notice which appears telling of applications being made to enclose common-land and regulate its use; of every notice denying public right-of-way over paths previously used by the public, and of every attempt to obstruct free passage over paths previously open.

You never know—more often than not these impudent attempts can be checked.

Meanwhile, it is nothing to the credit of Parliament that *for the last thirty years* it has had a "Rights-of-Way" Bill before it that has never got beyond its second reading.

Without entering into technicalities, it proposes to simplify a complicated law and make the proof of public use over a period of years a sufficient proof of the existence of a right-of-way.

Nor has Parliament any reason to be proud of the fact that it persists in refusing to pass the "Access of Mountains" Bill, which merely seeks to give hikers a legal right to wander at will over these glorious wastes.

Banish vandals!

There is, of course, as always, another side to the question. Genuine hikers do no harm to anyone. I think no one disputes it.

But there are certain members of the public—witness the vandalism that occurred at the opening of the Whipsnade Zoo—who seem unable to walk over the countryside without itching to tear up and destroy anything and everything that comes their way.

It is people like these who penalise the genuine hiker by giving landowners a very reasonable ground for resentment against the presence of the public on their land.

Yet there is a quite simple remedy. Forty-two counties and sub-counties have already adopted the County Councils Association's model by-law to deal with such pests, which reads:

> No person shall, unless authorised by the owner or occupier, if any, or by law to do so, uproot any ferns or other plants growing in any road, lane, roadside waste, roadside bank or hedge, common or other place to which the public have access.

This by-law goes on to provide for heavy penalties against the offenders.

If every local authority would adopt it, *and enforce it*, the path of the genuine hiker and nature-lover would be considerably smoothed.

I should like to offer my hiking friends some practical advice—and that is to be reasonable on the one hand and aggressive on the other.

What I mean is that, when a part of a countryside is suddenly built over, it may often happen that a right-of-way is diverted.

I know several instances where obstacles have been put in the way of a reasonable compromise, and where sheer pig-headedness has kept open a little alley between houses that is of no use to anyone.

Finding new tracks

There are, on the other hand, many tracks and paths that hikers are now discovering as they roam the countryside—paths of whose existence few people are aware.

This is where aggression comes in. They should be noted—and notified; and no pains should be spared to see that the public rights over such paths are preserved.

We have all allowed ourselves to be too easily defrauded out of our rights in millions of acres of common heritage, the soil of Great Britain.

If for nothing else, I should be a warm supporter of the hiking movement as the spearhead of an army that is one day going to give us back our birthright.

The Human Machine

A RARE LESSON

WHEN we are feeling fed up, when we are thinking that things are hopeless, that people are irritating and impossible, and that life is not worth living, let us ponder the words of Mr. A. J. Tessell, one of London's senior magistrates, who has just retired.

"After nearly thirty years on the magistrates' Bench," he says, "I am leaving my job a convinced optimist, with an infinite belief in the goodness of human beings."

Doesn't that make you feel rather ashamed of yourself? There, in the daily conflict with crime and poverty, with evil and with ignorance, Mr. Tessell has found the one thing that endures to be the innate goodness of human nature! It makes most of our own small irritations seem very trivial, doesn't it?

Perhaps one of the things that make most of us so frequently out of tune with our fellows and so blind to their obvious good qualities is that we are all readier to show other people their duty than to do our own.

We all find it easier to teach than to practise, and easier, even then, to teach by exhortation than by quiet example. The result is that we spend all our time looking for the worst in people instead of the best—and why should we pretend to be surprised if we find what we're looking for?

If we went round looking for the best in people we should find it just as easily.

We make a great mistake in watching people as though they were probable enemies. It makes it so hard to treat them as possible friends.

We do not make life easier for ourselves by making it harder for others. Why not try believing, with Mr. Tessell, that people are innately good—including ourselves?

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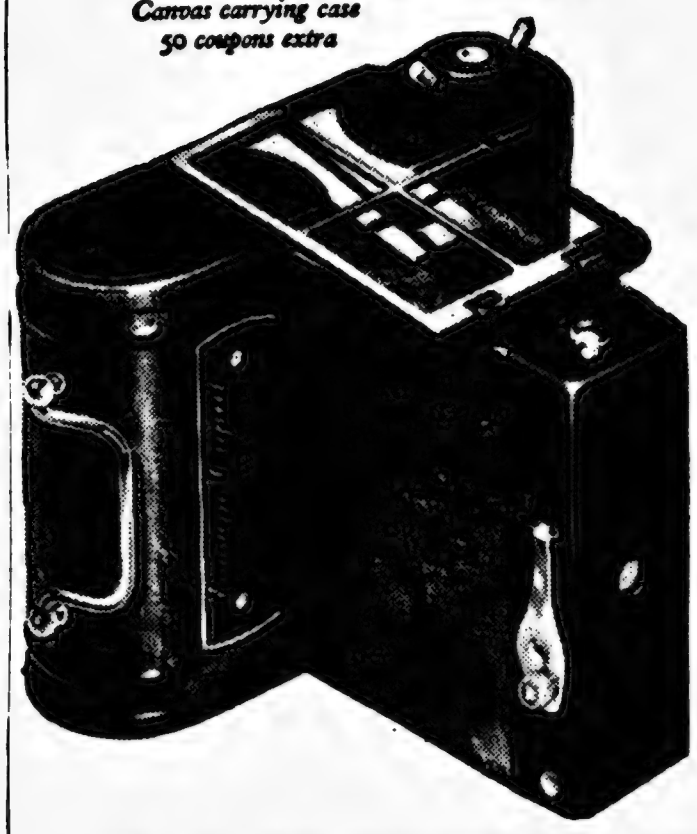

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YOUR CHOICE OF THREE FINE CAMERAS

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"Scores of women every year walk blindfold to the altar"

Blindfold WEDDING Scandal

Without FEAR *or* FAVOUR

UNDER the law of this country bigamy is one of the major crimes. It can be punished with a maximum of seven years' penal servitude. On the other hand, it is often regarded as a venial offence, and the judge passes a nominal sentence of two days' imprisonment, which means the immediate release of the prisoner.

It follows clearly that there are degrees of bigamy which vary enormously in importance. There are cases in which the sympathy of all kindly folk must be with the accused.

And there are others which excite our utmost indignation and leave us with the impression that the law's maximum punishment is scarcely adequate to the cruelty and cowardice of the crime.

In our view, the time has come to reconsider the whole question of bigamy, and, incidentally, to give stipendiary magistrates discretion to deal summarily with those offenders whose "crime" is scarcely more than technical.

Two recent cases illustrate this point of view.

Early this month, at Newcastle Assizes, Esther Roxburgh, a woman of fifty-one, was sentenced to two days' imprisonment for bigamy committed in 1919.

It was stated in court that she married before she was twenty and left her husband, after fourteen years of unhappy wifehood and motherhood, because he shamefully ill-treated her and threatened her life.

Four years later she "married" again, and went to Canada to start a new life, taking with her two of her children. They "prospered exceedingly" and were very happy.

SHE recently came home again to assist her other children, and it was then that her first husband, who was himself living with another woman, by whom he had four children, denounced her to the police!

A somewhat similar case was heard last week at Sussex Assizes by Mr. Justice Horridge.

In this instance it was stated that Blodwen Jane Randall, of Eastbourne, was married at the age of eighteen to a brute who treated her shamefully.

Last year, when she was living happily with the man she had bigamously married, her legal husband began to blackmail her, and he denounced her when she would no longer pay him money.

In this case also the accused woman was immediately released with the nominal sentence of two days' imprisonment.

Our natural indignation with cruel and contemptible brutes of this description—men unworthy of the name of husband—must not blind our eyes to the fact that bigamy, even in any circumstances, is a serious offence.

AND yet, can it be wondered that now and again some cruelly ill-used woman, loving the children whom her husband neglects, snatches the chance of happiness with another man, even at the cost of deceiving him and breaking the law by going through a bigamous marriage?

What is vitally needed is a change in our marriage laws such as will make bigamy one of the most difficult crimes to commit instead of one of the easiest.

Such a change is needed in the interests of the community, but it is particularly needed for the protection of women. Make no mistake about it: nine times out of ten women are the victims of bigamy, or else they are driven unwillingly into bigamy in the circumstances we have described.

But so far we have been dealing with what is really little more than a technical offence, or at the worst, a very pardonable crime. We might add that many people unversed in the law still believe that they are free to marry again if, after a long interval of time, they have no news of their vanished partner and believe him or her to be dead.

This is not the case. It is a good defence against a bigamy charge if the accused can prove that for seven years there has been no trace whatever of the missing partner's continued existence. But that would not make the second marriage a legal one. Nothing but death or divorce can do that.

Here, again, ignorant people could easily be protected against their own ignorance by a revision of the marriage laws.

Let us now consider for a moment what we may describe as bigamy of the first degree—a crime more cowardly and treacherous than almost any other because, where marriage is offered and love professed, the most virtuous woman is robbed of her defences. Occasionally there are women who deliberately contract bigamous marriages, perhaps because of the man's money, perhaps because of a genuine passion for him. But obviously no man can ever suffer as does a woman in such cases.

The real tragedy of such marriages is the woman's tragedy all the time. We have repeatedly exposed the professional bigamist—the man who seduces and robs one woman after another under the cloak of marriage, deserting his victims callously, and leaving them all too often the pitiful mothers of illegitimate children.

While bigamy remains the absurdly easy crime which it now is, the professional bigamist will continue to flourish, and scores of women every year will walk blindfold to the altar, having no proof whatever that the bridegroom at their side is not already the husband of some other woman.

Among dozens of cases which have been dealt with by JOHN BULL from time to time we quote as a particularly striking illustration that of Peter Woollett, who was sentenced at Guildford Assizes in 1928 to five years' penal servitude, and was proved to have "married" at least eighteen different women.

It would be almost impossible to find a parallel case on the Continent, where a civil marriage ceremony is compulsory in almost every country and bigamy cannot be committed without the most skilful forgery.

We must adopt some similar system here. Even under existing regulations, birth, marriage and death certificates are all filed at Somerset House. Unfortunately, the information is not collated, and people about to wed do not have to produce proof that they are free to do so.

We urge Parliament to consider the matter of marriage law reform. The first step would be to make the civil ceremony before a registrar compulsory in every case. As on the Continent, the church service would continue just as it does now, but would be in addition to the civil ceremony and would not be legally binding without it.

WE cannot at one stroke supply the entire population with identity-papers, but it would be a simple matter to make every candidate for matrimony produce his or her birth certificate and the details of the marriage would be endorsed thereon.

Thenceforward no divorce should be granted and no death certificate issued without endorsement of the particulars on the birth certificate of husband or wife or upon that of the surviving partner.

And if either of them ever wished to contract a second marriage this certificate would again have to be produced as proof that the ceremony could be legally carried through.

Within a single generation bigamy could be practically stamped out in this way. Each man's or woman's birth certificate would constitute a complete marriage record.

Women would be automatically protected against the bigamous adventurer and the minor scandals of Gretna Green marriages and other ceremonies of doubtful validity would also come to a natural end.

In this matter of marriage regulations we are the most backward of all European nations. It is time that we set our house in order and secured the universal validity and respect of every British marriage.

Docto

All in the hands—Dr. Harvey Foot and Miss N. Howard give a demonstration

THE ninety-ninth annual meeting of the British Medical Association at Eastbourne this week reveals a grave state of affairs. The powerful body which represents that greatest of all human missions does not include the unchartered army of zealous and devoted people who use methods as yet unrecognised by the official organisation.

Though there is abundant proof of the efficacy of some of the new methods, the practitioners are officially classed with quacks such as JOHN BULL from time to time exposes for the protection of the public.

Recognised medical science has made tremendous advances since the war, but outside the medical profession completely new schools of healing have grown up, and there are older schools of long standing which have put out efforts towards recognition.

Let us examine some of these in detail.

One of the most important of the new schools is that of the osteopaths. The system was originated in 1873.

In your bones

Since that time, osteopathy has spread widely, not only in the United States, but in Canada and other parts of the British Empire, and in Europe.

The practitioners of osteopathy will tell you that the origin of a great number of diseases is in "lesions" or "fixations" in the bone-structure of the body.

Many of these lesions take place in the spinal column, for the principal nerve-supply leaves the spinal column and is distributed throughout the body.

In your body there may be a joint which does not function in quite the right way; perhaps it does not rotate properly. You may be unaware of this; and it may have been going on for years.

The blood supply and nerve supply have been diverted, or choked—not by the actual pressure of the bone, perhaps, but by the congested area which will be set up all around the joint.

Mending the engine

First, of course, comes diagnosis. The osteopath listens to your account of your symptoms, just as your doctor does; he will even look at your tongue and feel your pulse.

Laboratory analyses, X-ray photography, and all such methods are used—just as ordinary doctors use them—to determine what is wrong.

Then comes the job of determining *why* it is wrong. Here, the osteopaths differ in method from the medical men.

The osteopath goes over your body as a mechanic will go over a faulty engine. His skilled hands will press and probe; he will rotate joints, and move limbs in various directions.

He is looking for the "lesion," for the fault in the structure which must be remedied before a cure can be effected.

Then comes "manipulation." He will work on the bone or cartilage in a peculiar manner until he has removed the "lesion."

Then, the nerve-force and the blood may flow freely again, along the right path; and the trouble is cured.

There are two organisations of osteopaths in England — the British Osteopathic Association, whose members are graduates of American colleges, although many of them are British subjects who went to America to study, and the Incorporated Association of Osteopaths, whose members are graduates of the British School of Osteopathy.

The British Osteopathic Association has over eighty members. It maintains a clinic in London for the treatment of poor people.

There is also in London a school of osteopathy, which also maintains a clinic. It has been in existence for fourteen years. There are over fifty of its graduates practising in Britain.

Students must take a four-year course of study before they can qualify. Sir Herbert Barker, the eminent bonesetter, is one of the governing directors. Since its foundation, the clinic has treated over 20,000 cases.

Many people confuse osteopathy and bonesetting. But there is a definite difference.

The bonesetter undertakes only cases of actual damage to bones, joints or cartilage, while the osteopath treats a wide variety of diseases. The bonesetter is a knifeless surgeon.

Bonesetters usually start out with the recognition that they possess a gift—the gift of having ultra-sensitive fingers, of having "eyes in their fingers."

Let us say that you have broken a bone which has afterwards joined badly. This may cause you a lot of trouble. The bonesetter will break the join and re-set it.

Genius frustrated

Cases of misplaced cartilages—so common among athletes, acrobats and stage dancers—are also cured by the sure hands of the bonesetter.

Some bonesetting operations are of a minor nature and cause practically no pain. Others can only be performed while the patient is under an anæsthetic.

But the anæsthetic may only be administered by a qualified medical man.

Hence the disagreements which have arisen between such famous bonesetters as Sir Herbert Barker—who has since become an osteopath, although retired from active practice—and Mr. Albert Edward Kennard and the British Medical Council.

There are no schools of bonesetting; but Mr. Kennard, whose work at the City Temple clinic in London has been described by JOHN BULL, has often expressed his willingness to undergo tests by the medical authorities, and then to examine the qualifications of any other persons desiring recognition as bonesetters, with a view to securing definite status for the profession.

With a fuller recognition of the work of the bonesetter, there would undoubtedly be more aspirants for the profession; and the establishment of a school and of some form of qualification would then be necessary.

It seems difficult to get away from our skeletons, when discussing the irregular troops in the army of healing. For now we come to the chiropractors, who profess another system, which, like osteopathy, originated in the United States.

Spinal secrets

The British Chiropractors Association accepts as members only persons who have undergone a course of not less than three years of actual attendance at a chiropractic school.

The theory of chiropractic resembles that of osteopathy in that it maintains that disease results from misplacement of joints; but, while osteopathy claims that maladjustments may occur anywhere in the body's structure, the chiropractors declare that the seat of the trouble is in the spine only.

The nerves connecting the various organs and functions of the body, they say, branch off from the spinal column, after emerging from the brain.

If, then, any of the small bones of the spine—the vertebræ — become misplaced, there will be a pressure upon the nerve channels, so that the part of the body fed by that particular nerve "impulse" is starved and weakened.

Relief, and in many cases a cure, may be had, say the chiropractors, by a readjustment of the spine at the place where the trouble is located.

If you go to a chiropractor for treatment, he will not spend much

Knighted for splendid work, but not recognised officially!—Sir Herbert Barker, the world known bonesetter

Mr. A. E. Kennard, with anæsthetist and nurse, working on a little patient

"Display a fascinating array of pots, jars, bottles and boxes"

rs Outside THE PALE

BAN on the NEW Healers

Not the clutching hands —but the wonderful fingers of a bonesetter

time listening to an account of your symptoms.

He will endeavour to detect where the trouble is by "palpation" of the spine, feeling carefully for any abnormality in the position of the joints.

Then comes treatment. This is purely and simply a matter of readjusting the spine, by a series of thrusts. It is done by hand only.

And that is all there is to chiropractic treatment. There are some chiropractors who will recommend massage, diet, electrical and other forms of drugless treatment, but the orthodox school relies on spinal manipulation.

Yet, since the founding of chiropractic in 1895, hundreds of chiropractic practitioners have developed in the United States, and there are six residential schools, with clinics.

In Great Britain the British Chiropractors' Association has fifty registered members practising in this country, of whom there are thirteen in London alone.

There is no school of chiropractic in Britain as yet, and all chiropractors in this country have been trained in America.

The school course includes physiology, anatomy, and various other subjects, besides practical clinical experience.

In the United States, most of the States now recognise the practice of chiropractic, and intending practitioners must pass an official examining board before they can qualify.

While we have been discussing previously only those unofficial schools of healing which abjure the dosing of patients with medicines, we must not forget that we have in Britain an art of healing which is very ancient, and which believes in prescribing draughts or applications. These are the herbalists.

The herbalists believe that the plants and trees and shrubs can supply all that is necessary for the healing of most disease.

Healing herbs

They repudiate the chemical or mineral drugs of orthodox medicine. They take as their text: "The leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations."

But there are herbalists and herbalists. Some are merely shopkeepers, who sell herbal remedies, as well as soaps, tooth-paste, pencils and sweetmeats. Others compound their herbal remedies, and are consulted by patients just as are medical men.

The establishment of the practising herbalist will display a fascinating array of pots, jars, bottles and boxes.

Behind the shop is the consulting-room, where the herbalist will listen to your account of your symptoms, will diagnose your complaint, and prescribe your treatment. These are the "medical herbalists," as many of them prefer to be called.

There has existed for some time an organisation of herbalists, whose object it is to raise the status of the craft.

Sound and solid

It is the National Association of Medical Herbalists of Great Britain, devoted to the study of the properties of herbs, to the treatment of disease, and to diet, exercise and other allied subjects.

And now another herbalists' organisation has come into existence, the Society of Herbalists, among whose directors may be found the names of Sir Ernest Wallis Budge, the eminent Orientalist, Miss Lena Ashwell, O.B.E., and many others.

At the head of this organisation is Mrs. C. F. Leyel, authoress of several books on herbalism.

The Society of Herbalists is endeavouring to establish the practice of medical herbalism on a sound basis. Already several centres have been opened by them, where herbal remedies may be procured, and where patients may call for consultations.

The society hopes to standardise the practice of herbalism, and eventually to found a training-school where a course of three or four years' study must be followed by the student.

Such are the best-known schools of healing which are unrecognised, and even condemned, by the official body of medicine.

Yet they are growing. They can all boast a number of adherents who are now actually practising their art.

What is to be done about it? As things now stand, any person, utterly without training, can set up his brass plate and commence practice.

How is the man in the street to know whether he is a well-trained, responsible practitioner or a charlatan?

Face facts!

It is true some have their various associations, but, as these bodies have no official recognition, their protection, while useful, is invalid.

Would it not be better to face facts? Would it not be better for the authorities to undertake a thorough and impartial investigation into the practice and results of these schools of healing, with the intention of setting up a responsible body to define the status of those which could prove their worth; to license trained and qualified practitioners, and protect the public against the ignorant and the quack?

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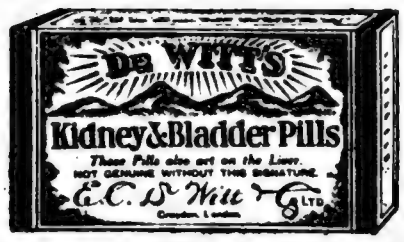
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THE Madness OF CEDRIC WATSON

A Real Life Story

by ARRAR JACKSON

ONLY once have I come across a real life situation which has broken me up. I returned from a trip abroad about three years ago, and the first thing I did was to ring up my old friends, the Watsons. They lived in a delightful little home at Sunridge Park, Kent, and they always seemed so happy that they were the envy of all their acquaintances.

My telephone call had the usual result—I was to stop whatever it was I happened to be doing for the moment and go right along. It was Mary, Cedric Watson's wife, who answered, and her voice was as cheerily welcoming as usual.

I arrived at the house shortly after six on a Saturday evening, and rang the bell.

When the door was opened Mary stood in front of me. But it was not the Mary I expected, with the pretty, always-laughing face. She looked utterly miserable.

"Oh, hullo, Peter," she said lifelessly. "I'm so terribly sorry, but could you come to-morrow instead? He—he's not very well."

"He" was Cedric, obviously, and when I heard that anything was the matter with him I immediately felt that there must be something I could do.

"Poor old boy!" I murmured sympathetically. "I'm dashed if I'll come to-morrow. I'll come in now and help you to look after him."

IT was on the tip of her tongue to say no, but she did not seem to have the strength to do it. Piteously she stood aside, and I, not realising that I was being infernally tactless, strode into the hall.

The door of the dining-room was open, and I heard Cedric call out: "Who the devil's that?"

There was something strange in his voice.

I flung my hat on to a chair and pushed open the door. As it swung wide, a terrible sight met my gaze.

Cedric Watson was standing in the middle of the room, fists clenched, and an expression of the most unutterable hatred on his face.

"So you're the man!" he said, in a voice that sounded like murder.

Mary pushed past me and got between us, her arms outstretched as though to save me from injury.

"Cedric, don't be foolish," she said, making a poor effort to be her old cheery self. "This is Peter. He's just arrived back, and I asked him to come to dinner to-night."

He said nothing. He just looked at me, and the haze of madness slowly clouded his eyes.

Something in that malevolent stare made me realise that it would not be long before he broke loose. What was wrong with him I did not know; nor did I want to just then. With a swift movement I thrust Mary aside.

Cedric's eyes blazed. The fact that I had laid a hand on his wife seemed to be his breaking-point.

He came straight at me, his arms flying wildly, and his fingers crooked with the obvious intention of getting me by the throat. I backed away hastily.

"Look here, old man," I said quickly, "control yourself. This business is going too far."

"I'll kill you both," he raved. "You first, so that she shall see her lover die."

HE still came at me, but that wasn't what decided me to bring the painful scene to an abrupt end. I planted a blow clean on the point of his jaw, and he tottered back, trying desperately to keep his balance.

The next moment he had given at the knees, and was lying on the floor, his arms outstretched and his legs doubled up under him.

* * *

I stood in the middle of the room, vaguely aware of Mary rushing to the fallen man, a cry of alarm echoing in my ears.

"He's all right," I said mechanically. "What he got will do him good."

There was more movement, but I do not remember noticing it. The fact that I had felled my friend shocked me, just as his absurd accusation concerning Mary and me had robbed me of my self-control.

It was Mary's voice, calm and rather matter-of-fact, which brought me out of my stupor.

"Help me, Peter," she said. "Put him on the couch."

I did as she told me, noticing that she had obtained a bowl of cold water and a sponge. I cursed myself for not having obtained these things myself.

In silence I watched her bathe Cedric's face, the only sound in the room being the ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece and the gentle tinkle of water. Ten minutes slipped by, and then Cedric stirred.

"Go 'way!" he muttered. "Let me sleep!"

I bent down and raised her off her knees.

"Don't disturb him any more," I said. "He worked himself up to such a pitch that he's exhausted. You'd better get some rest yourself. I'll stay here and take care of him."

She looked at me gratefully, and turned away as though to leave the room. At the door she stopped.

"Peter," she said, "since you've seen it all, I want you to do some thinking for me. He's been like this every Saturday night since we were married—that's five years ago. He says it helps him get over the strain of his work."

She was quite calm and steady, her tone being almost impersonal.

"I don't think I can stand it any more, so I want you to tell me what I ought to do. Another night like to-night, and I'll go mad."

"What causes it?" I asked.

"Brandy," was her brief reply, and the door closed softly behind her.

My problem was a terrible one. In the first place, I had never seen anyone behave like Cedric did under the influence of drink, but I reflected that no one can ever tell what brandy will do.

It usually causes a form of temporary delusional insanity, in just the same way that absinthe makes one violent.

Piecing the sordid business together, I began to see what was happening in that seemingly happy suburban house.

CEDRIC WATSON, an ambitious man, had risen from an office-boy to general manager of a trading concern within twelve years.

In his meteoric rise he had brought his firm up with him. No man can do that unless he puts every ounce of his energies into his job.

It appeared that, in order to obtain relief from the strain, he had made a point of getting drunk every Saturday night. The heavy sleep induced by brandy, followed by a day of rest, used to send him back to the City refreshed for another week's work.

He had never stopped to think that the brandy might get hold of him in the end, but it did. The upshot was that every week-end Mary Watson went through hell.

She would be accused of unfaithfulness during these bouts, and was compelled to suffer every kind of humiliation until sleep descended on her husband and he could rave no more.

I remained in that room all night with the sleeping Cedric Watson. Mary came in after awhile, bringing me some sandwiches and coffee on a tray, after which, on my advice she went to bed.

For hours I could hear her pacing up and down in the room overhead, and several times I thought she sobbed out loud.

For myself, I sat in an armchair facing the couch, my eyes

Next Week:

SIR HARRY LAUDER,

the great little comedian, reveals a serious side in recounting a human story from real life.

"Mary pushed past me and got between us, her arms outstretched as though to shield me from injury"

ed on Cedric Watson's face and ming the problem over and over in in my mind.

Dawn broke before Cedric woke up, d by then I had more or less formued a solution. It was obvious that re must be a separation until Cedric ld prove to Mary that there would no repetition of the previous night's ne.

Cedric opened his eyes and raised hand to his head. He looked terle, and he was so weak that he could rdly sit up. When he did, he stared me muzzily for a moment or so, n said:

Hullo, old man! I didn't know you uld be here. What's the time?"

glanced at my watch.

Half-past seven," I replied.

He swung his legs to the ground and ned his elbows on his knees. He d recovered completely, and I could that he was feeling pretty bad.

I DON'T remember anything about it," he said slowly, "but judging from the fact that I've been eep in the dining-room all night I her that I made a bit of an ass of self.

Sorry, Peter, old chap. I promised ry I'd keep myself in hand last ht because you were coming. By way, where is she? Upstairs?"

nodded.

She must be feeling rotten," he d. "I'd better go up and see if 's all right."

Don't do that," I said quickly. isten to what I have to say first. en I arrived last night you accused of being unfaithful with me, and reatened to kill us both. I had to you on the jaw, or you'd have done ne damage."

He got to his feet, his hands trem- ng and his face twitching.

My dear fellow," he said in a dis- ssed voice, "what can I do to put things right? I won't say I'm sorry—that would be laughable."

He stood before me, swaying uncertainly, his whole attitude one of contrition.

"Mary is the one who is most hurt, Cedric," I said. "I'm not going to spare you. She's come to the end of the road. She's had enough."

I expected an outburst, but none came. He sat down on the couch again, very weary.

"I know what you mean," he said, "and I expected it. I'm glad you're here, too: it would have been terrible for her if she had tried to tell me herself. What do you suggest?"

I pulled my chair nearer to him and lowered my voice. It was a time for plain speaking.

"Why not go away?" I suggested. "Let Mary be on her own for six months or so; meanwhile, offer yourself for some treatment which will put you right again.

"You've been pretty rough on her; it's the least you can do." I paused. "Well, what do you say?"

He did not reply at once. He was thinking, and who could tell what passed through his brain now that he had reached the climax of his years of cruelty.

It was as though he had been wandering down a road to a fork, at which he and the woman I knew he loved were to part. Would their separate roads join again? It was impossible to tell.

"I agree," he said at last.

It is amazing how the great things of life often happen with hardly any fuss. We sat there and discussed coldly the details of my suggestion.

In the end he signed a brief document I drew up and wrote out a cheque which was sufficient to keep Mary going for three months.

With everything in readiness, so that the final scene should be as short as possible, I called Mary down. Briefly I outlined what had happened, and as she listened she seemed to go whiter and whiter.

"So, for the next few months, Cedric will go away," I finished. "Meanwhile, he has given me this cheque, which will provide for you for the time being."

She took the slip of paper from me, her eyes fixed on mine. It seemed like an age before she lowered them until they could see the figures. Then she crumpled it into a ball and threw it from her passionately.

"Oh, God, I don't want that!" she cried. "Money can't help me! Tell him to give me back the last five years!"

She fell to the floor unconscious.

* * *

SHE was ill for weeks, hovering close to death, and muttering all the time of the horrors she had experienced. After a while calmness came and the muttering ceased; but she remained in the doctor's hands for a year longer.

I never saw her or her husband again, but about eighteen months ago I received a letter written by Cedric Watson from Calgary, in Alberta. Part of it ran:

"... Something happened to her brain. It seemed as though the memory of everything that had happened was completely wiped out; in fact, I had the devil's own job to persuade her that we really were married. She had to see the certificate before she was convinced.

"She thinks she's had some sort of an accident, and I've let it go at that. Meanwhile I want you to realise, should we ever meet again, that *she does not remember.*

"For myself, that awful moment when she said she wanted the last five years back again was enough for me. If she'd struck me, it couldn't have been worse.

"I've been all right since. . . . I'm busy doing what she asked—giving back to her our first five years of marriage. . . ."

It was when I had finished reading it that I broke down. I can't explain why, because what I felt could not be put into words.

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"New apparatus enabling men to descend far deeper than hitherto had been possible"

SECRET *Under-Sea* PIRATES

TO-DAY there is no piracy *on* the high seas, and yet it seems likely that a new and thrilling form of piracy is being carried on *beneath* them.

Financed by private syndicates, the Captain Kidds of these modern times do not fly the Skull and Crossbones. Instead they put out to sea in craft that look like harmless fishing-vessels, and they come back with gold lifted from the floor of the sea.

The modern under-sea pirates are the men who ransack the sunken treasure ships, leaving their clean-picked skeletons for the official salvage expeditions to discover and abandon.

Within the past few weeks the *Reclaimer*, one of the best salvage ships in the British Mercantile Marine, put back into Sunderland after a vain effort to recover the million in bar gold and specie which went down with the Holland Royal Mail liner *Turbantia* when she was torpedoed off the Maars Light Ship in 1916.

The facts in this case are astonishing enough to be worth recapitulating. Early last May it was announced that the *Reclaimer* was about to leave Tyneside for a deep-sea treasure-hunt.

THE news spread like wild-fire along the water-front. Men vied with one another for places on her decks. The mystery and thrill were such that the ship could have been loaded gunwale-deep with men.

A crew was chosen and the *Reclaimer* cleared for sea under sealed orders. Newspaper reporters had done their utmost to discover the ship's mission, but without avail.

One newspaper said that an old Spanish galleon—one of that contingent of the invincible Armada which was wrecked off the Irish coast—had been located and that special precautions had been taken to safeguard the secret of her position.

No one affirmed or contradicted these rumours. The crew of the *Reclaimer* was no wiser than the rest.

We know now that the salvage boat steamed straight away to that one spot in the North Sea where the *Turbantia*, hit by a German torpedo, went down with her German gold.

Let us make it clear that the *Reclaimer* sailed as a legitimate salvage ship, fitted out, stored and equipped at great expense.

Her divers went over the side and explored the sunken *Turbantia* from stem to stern. They found her where they expected to find her, lying as they thought she would be lying.

But the treasure had vanished!

The search was abandoned only after "every inch of the wreck had been thoroughly explored and the divers had satisfied themselves that no trace of the treasure remained."

Who stole the *Turbantia's* sunken gold? Ingots of precious metal and cases of gold coin cannot disappear in this way without human agency.

The under-sea pirates must have looted the skeleton of the *Turbantia* before ever the official salvage boat started work.

LEST it should be thought for a moment that the treasure was never shipped, we may add that the *Turbantia's* gold was originally consigned to Buenos Ayres to bolster up German credit there during the war. A German banker travelled on the boat disguised as a Danish merchant.

The secret of the shipment was so well kept that the German High Seas Command was not asked to issue any instructions to the U-boats, and one of these U-boats got the *Turbantia* and sent her under with a single torpedo.

By the irony of fate, the German banker was standing just above the spot where the torpedo struck and he was instantly killed.

The gold was there. There can be no doubt about that. The question is, Who got it?

Delving into sea history, we find that towards the end of the war a French trawler, owned in Dunkirk, was seen cruising in the vicinity of the sunken *Turbantia*. Her trawl was down and she seemed to be busy fishing.

DAY after day she remained on the same station, and at last other fishermen began to get suspicious.

The Dunkirk trawler disappeared as suddenly as she arrived, and she was next heard of as making port safely at Marseilles.

There is reason to believe that, stowed in that trawler's hold, was the lost treasure of the *Turbantia*.

We know that about this time a secret French salvage syndicate was formed with headquarters at Marseilles.

We understand that French divers working for this syndicate quarrelled among themselves.

And we also know that certain British divers were afterwards engaged at very high salaries for service abroad under conditions of the utmost secrecy.

That, so far as it has been possible to piece together the facts, is the inside story of the *Turbantia* mystery. It supplies the clearest known instance of under-sea piracy.

But we should also like to know why it is that no details have ever been published of the expedition which was formed some time ago to salve the £4,000,000 treasure lost in the naval battle of Navarino Bay.

The Hellenic Government offered a substantial share of that treasure to any syndicate able to salve it. And this was just at the time when a new diving apparatus had been discovered enabling men to descend far deeper than hitherto had been possible.

THAT apparatus was in use in America more than two years before it was ever heard of in Great Britain.

Officially the Navarino expedition drew blank. Was that, too, because the under-sea pirates had managed to get in first?

One other strange case must be recorded, and this also was about the time when America possessed the monopoly of the new diving apparatus.

In 1922 a secret expedition was fitted out in America and a salvage ship sailed to Cape Charles, Virginia, where the Ward liner *Merida* lay sunk some 400 or 500 feet below the surface, following her collision with the *Admiral Farragut*.

It was reported that in addition to vast treasure the *Merida* had on board the famous rubies of the Empress Charlotte of Mexico, wife of the Emperor Maximilian. The *Merida* sank in 1911.

Among the merchant skippers and quiet men who take their tramp steamers all over the Seven Seas you will find a general belief that all the treasure was recovered by the secret salvage company.

YET no report of the expedition was ever published, and to this day the precious cargo of the *Merida* is reckoned a dead loss.

We have referred here only to certain outstanding mysteries of the sea, but among sea-faring folk it is commonly believed that the under-sea pirates have picked the bones of a score of smaller vessels.

Some day, perhaps, the world's great underwriters will think it worth their while to make closer investigations with a view to fighting these unknown robbers of sunken treasure. But, up to now, the pirates have eluded all pursuit and almost all suspicion.

And none can tell the amount of the treasure they have looted from Davy Jones' locker, hundreds of fathoms beneath the surface of the sea.

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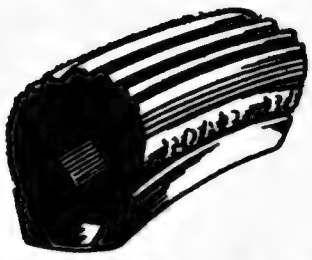

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My AIM in Life—6.

The writer of this article, a woman journalist of wide experience, has lived in the slums so that she may assist social betterment by relating her first-hand experiences. By this means she has achieved many reforms.

SOMEWHERE TO LAY Her Head

MY aim is to fight for the fundamental things of existence. I have found for myself—throughout all classes of society—that these things are centred in the home, the one place in which family affection, sympathy and understanding can be preserved.

To-day there are hundreds, nay thousands, of women to whom the very word "home" is without meaning.

Through years of destitution, loss of money and lack of friends, they have forgotten what security means, and, through no fault of their own, they walk the streets desolate, often with no hope of even a temporary shelter.

No place for them

I know these things because I have experienced them.

For a short time I voluntarily became a homeless woman, to discover for myself what it means to belong to that forlorn army who never know when night falls where they will find a place to lay their heads.

The homeless man in London has not to fight so desperately as a woman.

Excellent public lodging-houses are run for him by the London County Council and other bodies, and in these, for a shilling a night, he who has no shelter of his own can at least rent a bed and find human accommodation.

But it is more cruelly difficult for the roofless woman. Of the total licensed sleeping accommodation in London only 13 per cent. is available for her.

She may have the necessary money, but only too often she cannot find a bed. A similar state of affairs obtains in all our great cities.

During my tramps I was forced by this lack of lodging-houses to spend a night in the open, to join those women who you will find on the seats in the Mall, hidden in doorways, crouching behind dustbins, cowering over the hot-plates of West End clubs.

This experience awakened me to one of the most tragic aspects of city life, and when I came back to my home, with the help of friends, I started a scheme for the provision of cheap beds for those women who so desperately need them.

Cecil Houses are the result—bright, cheery places where the woman who sells matches, the girl who is looking for a job, the out-of-work domestic, the destitute woman and her little children can find at least a one-night substitute for a home.

It is not until you have touched destitution at its very roots that you realise the unconscious cruelty, the ghastly loneliness of the streets of London or of any other great city.

Do you know it?

For most of us, thank God, at the end of our day's work at the office or the shop, there is the consciousness that our own place—however small, however humble—is waiting for us with its simple welcome.

But when the workaday and pleasure-seeking world has turned in, and 'bus and tube have discharged their final loads, there are still left, wandering disconsolately, those tragic figures who in the rush of life have been overlooked.

It is then that one knows the full meaning of homelessness. The desire to do something that can remedy this cruel deficiency becomes then an actual physical urge.

To have to turn away women from Cecil Houses, to be obliged through lack of accommodation to bar the door to a woman with a baby in arms, a poor old grandmother, or a young girl footsore and weary, is one of the cruellest things which I have ever had to do. But it often has to be done.

Enter without fear

We have so far only four Cecil Houses, where 220 women and thirty-two children can be taken in each night for a good bed, a hot bath if they want it, tea and biscuits as they come in, and tea and bread and butter before they leave again next morning, at a charge of a shilling a night—with 3d. for a cot.

But there are all too few of the Houses, and it is my aim to start them all over London and in the provinces, so that the reproach of the wandering woman can be lifted, and those of us who, by fortunate circumstances, have our own place, our own family, can shut our doors on the night with the feeling that the others—desolate and afraid—are safely gathered in.

I want women to have these places where they can go without fear, in the knowledge that they will not be questioned or harried, but that help and counsel, if they need it, are ready—beds for their tired bodies, shoes for their broken feet, and the hope that a brighter morning may await them.

So many of us, I feel, regard our homes and our happiness as unalterable. But the wheel of life turns so swiftly that at any moment we may find ourselves, quite innocently, bereft of all the things security brings.

I have known women who through illness have lost all their savings; who through the death of husband or son have found themselves left to [illegible] life all alone, penniless and friendless.

It is hard to start afresh in middle age, and the knowledge that modern industrial life holds out little possibility of employment for the elderly creates a panic and a despair that almost break the spirit.

They are very proud, these women, in their struggle to keep hold of respectability. They do not want charity; they hate the workhouse.

But the long tramps, the endless pavement, the wearing knowledge that for them there is no haven of refuge, no spot in all the world that they can call their own, drives them, for all their bravery, almost to desperation.

They want so little to bring them back some hope. Give a woman a human atmosphere, a common sitting-room, gay and homely, where she can sit and talk or mend her bits and scraps, and she will bloom again, gaining fresh courage for the battle which begins each day.

Some of us, I fear, take our beds like our food, as a right.

For all—

But once the picture of ourselves stripped of comfort, void of security, is revealed to us—as it was to me—the consciousness of all that a home means grows so overpowering that it becomes acutely necessary to help those who have none.

For myself, I shall feel that I have achieved what I aim at when the idea embodied in Christina Rossetti's beautiful and immortal words has become a tangible fact:

"Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come."

"However humble, a place"—waiting for mothers and children at the Cecil Houses. The writer, Mrs. Chesterton, on the right

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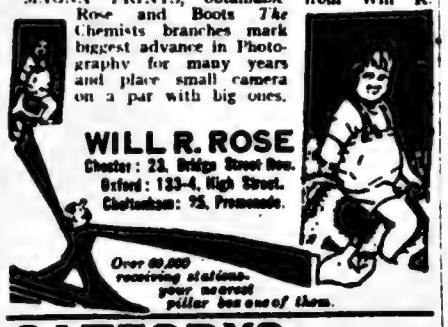

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ONLY A WOMAN KNOWS

"Like Olive Wise (left), driven to their act." Miss Picton-Turbervill—a woman fighting for women

ON Wednesday of last week, the assembled Lords Spiritual and Temporal seated in the House of Lords heard the words which marked the passing into law of the first great signal victory won by women for women since they have sat at the seat of Government.

A Bill sponsored and shepherded by Miss E. Picton-Turbervill, M.P. for Wrekin, is now law, and henceforth no woman may have sentence of death passed upon her when she is an expectant mother.

The Lord Chancellor himself has said that this new Bill "removes an abomination from the Statute-book."

In saying that he said less than he might have said. It relieves our judges of an unfair and intolerable task.

Blow at the unborn

It lifts a burden from the conscience of us all.

It seems difficult to realise that we could have put up with such barbarity for so long.

We have travelled a long way since the days when a woman was actually executed with her baby at her breast.

But we are only one week from the time when a woman could be put on trial for her life while she was yet about to bring a new life into the world.

It is seventy years since such a sentence has been carried out. Invariably the Royal clemency has been exercised, yet during this period dozens of women about to become mothers have been compelled to go through an ordeal which, if we are to believe the words of convicted men, has been the most terrible part of their punishment.

Most of these women have been infanticides. Many of them have been like Olive Wise, driven to their act by poverty, hunger and the last extremity of despair.

Many of them had committed the deed, as that woman simply said, because of love for the child, because of a complete incapability to endure any longer its sufferings and the uncertainty for its life in their care.

It has been a stroke past the woman at the new life within her, and at the same time it has reduced the most solemn pronouncement of the law to the level of a cruel and ghastly farce.

No more terrible commentary on our social order can be given than the case of Olive Wise.

Black-cap terror

For the lack of an active national social conscience there has been perpetuated the awful barbarity of a murder trial on these unfortunate women, in all its complete and terrifying majesty.

No other country has tolerated it. In Scotland, for upwards of 150 years, no death sentence has been passed upon an expectant mother.

This Bill points the way to other reforms. It is the thin end of the wedge, the first assault of the new order of women on the male indifference and supineness at Westminster to the many social evils which still disfigure the Statute-book.

There is a new Bill afoot to alter the whole basis of trial and punishment of women for infanticide, since all people of modern mind now know that it is a crime in a different category from any other, and is almost always directly caused by a fundamental defect in our social order.

Miss Picton-Turbervill would have allowed for the inclusion of some such measure in the Bill with which she has just succeeded.

But had she done so, the charge of complication would have been brought against it, and it could never have seen the light in the present Parliament—and possibly never at all.

Yet measures of tortuous complexity like the Derating Act and similar legislation affecting the sacred law of property can often be cheerfully piloted through within a single session.

Willed away

A much-needed Bill affecting the making of unjust wills has been sponsored by women M.P.s. It has been reported upon and "temporarily" shelved.

The charge of "complication" was brought against this Bill, although those reporting agreed with all its measures in principle.

The Bill sought to remove the well-known evil that in England a husband or wife can cut off a partner without even the proverbial shilling.

The law as it stands can compel a man to support his wife during life, but at his death he can bequeath all his money elsewhere and leave his wife a pauper.

By a peculiar irony of the law such a thing is not possible among employed people and manual workers.

Since the passing of the Widows, Orphans and Old Age Pensions Act they are compelled to contribute to the support of widows and orphans.

Not so the person who earns more than £250 a year, man *or* woman.

She too can leave *all* her money a from her husband.

There was a recent case of a wo left penniless on the death of husband, after being married to for twenty years.

The whole of his estate, valued £3,000, and even the furniture left to his two sons by his first wife

The second wife, after twenty y of marriage, has now to apply relief.

Lawyers first

The new Bill wished to secure same law as obtains in the majo of European countries, including Sc land, which is that after death o third must go to the surviving spo and one-third to the children.

If there are no children, then o half goes to the surviving spouse.

In spite of the most determin struggle by the women M.P.s. t Joint Select Committee of b Houses has rejected this appare clear, sane and workable method removing a known injustice.

It merely recommends that the be altered so that the survivi spouse, man or woman, shall have right of appeal against the will.

This seems rather more a meth for considering the interests of legal profession than of those w have been harshly dealt with in will of the deceased partner.

But to obtain even that concess is a considerable achievement.

No man M.P. has got so far w such a Bill, if indeed it has occurr to them to attempt an ending of su a direct and immediate social abuse.

Another big push

There are many Bills like Mi Picton-Turbervill's now being pilot through by the women M.P.s. wh seek to put an end to antiquated e which men have allowed to remain

Among them is the Nationality Married Women Bill, designed to r move some of the worst injusti inflicted on Englishwomen who b married foreigners; the Rural Ho ing Bill, with which Miss Megan Li George's name is associated, another.

There are many others, and th successful passage will help to m our State cleaner and better.

Get that Holiday Spirit

What is the use of a holiday without the holiday spirit? See that you take it with you. Forget to pack your bag—forget your ticket—or even forget to take your wife—but don't forget to take the holiday spirit with you.

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TEJERO, whose beauty salon is visited by many of the most important women of Spain.

Evidence of that schoolgirl complexion is found over and over again in the olive tinted, warm colour of the lovely Spanish senorita.

"HOW dare you mistreat your complexion," says Tejero, when it is so easy to use this twice-a-day treatment?"

Massage a fine lather of Palmolive and warm water into the face and neck. Rinse with warm water, then colder and colder. Never fail to observe this rule of cleanliness before retiring. For Palmolive is a pure vegetable oil soap, made from the famous natural olive and palm oils. Its colour is the natural colour of these two oils. Its mild soothing lather beautifies and protects the skin from irritation. It cleanses thoroughly—beautifies easily.

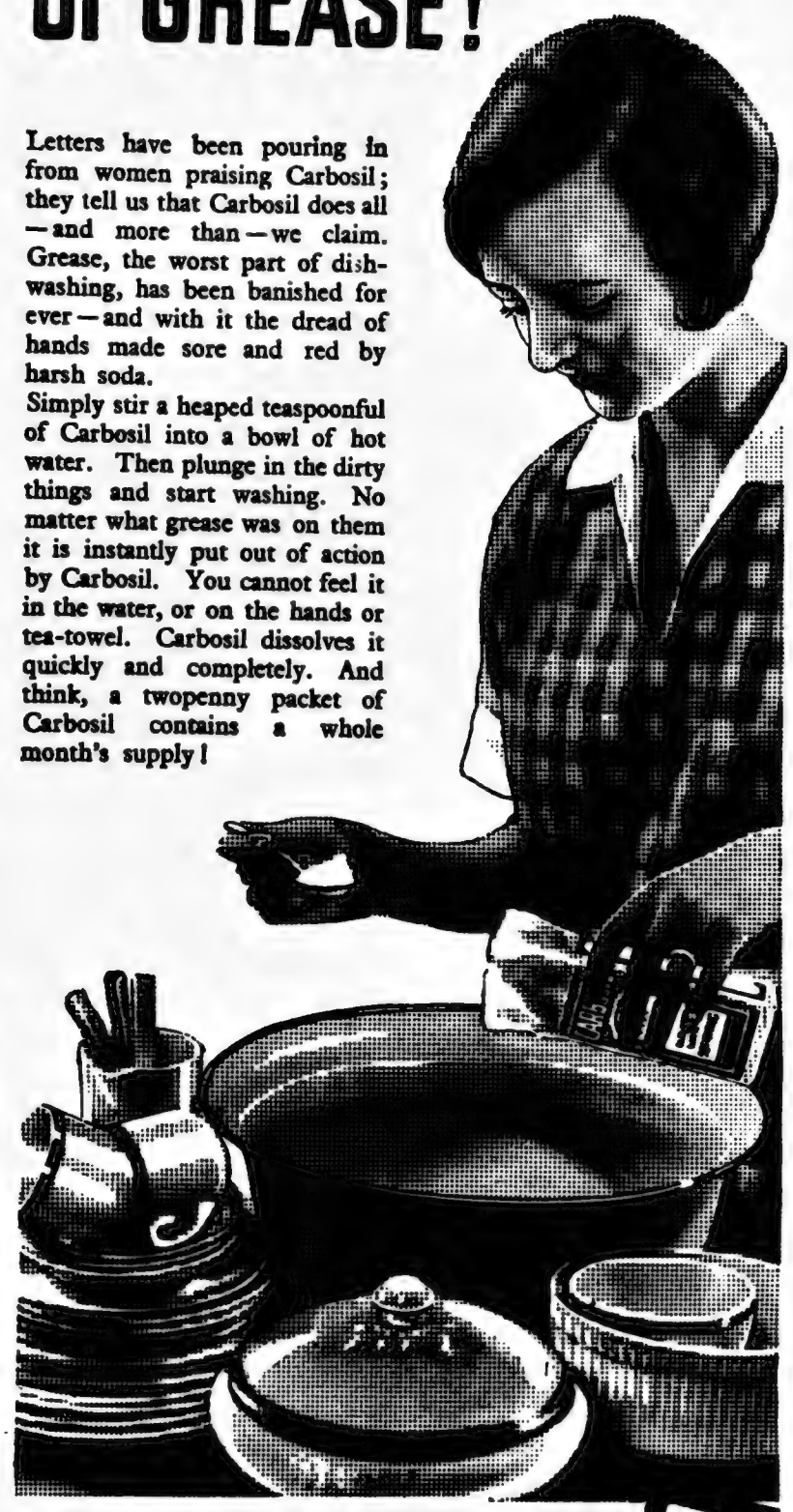
4½d PER TABLET

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

WASHING-UP saved from horror of GREASE!

Letters have been pouring in from women praising Carbosil; they tell us that Carbosil does all—and more than—we claim. Grease, the worst part of dish-washing, has been banished for ever—and with it the dread of hands made sore and red by harsh soda.

Simply stir a heaped teaspoonful of Carbosil into a bowl of hot water. Then plunge in the dirty things and start washing. No matter what grease was on them it is instantly put out of action by Carbosil. You cannot feel it in the water, or on the hands or tea-towel. Carbosil dissolves it quickly and completely. And think, a twopenny packet of Carbosil contains a whole month's supply!



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CARBOSIL

dissolves grease

Use Carbosil also for washing greasy cloths

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CHROMIUM PLATED CYCLE
Every component part of this 1931 Model is British made and is therefore of thoroughly reliable quality. It is excellently finished in Black Enamel and all bright parts are finished CHROMIUM PLATE.
COMPARE THIS SPECIFICATION
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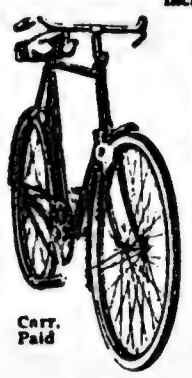
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Make your own Cigarette & see what you save.
ALWAYS USE **A.G.** CIGARETTE PAPER
BEST & PUREST

DELAY IS DANGEROUS

If you have taken a risk and exposed yourself to the danger of Venereal infection, or if you have ever suffered from either of the Diseases and are in doubt as to whether you are cured, GO AT ONCE to a Doctor or one of the numerous FREE TREATMENT CENTRES for ADVICE and, if necessary, FREE TREATMENT, which is provided under the greatest degree of SECRECY.

To DELAY may not only result in a LIFETIME OF SUFFERING, but the Disease may be passed on to others.

The Venereal Diseases CAN BE CURED, but only by seeking PROMPT TREATMENT and remaining under treatment until cured.

Those who have suffered from either of the Diseases are not justified in marrying until they have been certified free from the Disease. Therefore THINK OF your own Happiness, the Happiness of the Home and THE HEALTH OF YOUR CHILDREN, who will be the generation of to-morrow.

Readers desiring further information, ADVICE and Literature FREE OF CHARGE should write to the Medical Secretary, British Social Hygiene Council, Carteret Street, London, S.W.1, which is the official organisation employed by the Local Authorities to carry out Educational Work regarding Venereal Disease and Social Hygiene.

All enquiries will be treated in STRICT CONFIDENCE.

Mention JOHN BULL when writing.

ASTHMA
Sufferers from Asthma find instant relief in this standard remedy of 60 years standing.
4/6 a tin at all chemists.

HIMROD'S
Asthma Cure

Human Documents

ROMANCE— *and the* FAMILY OCTOPUS

I AM the second son of a Scottish family of seven, three girls and four boys, and our parents were keenly alive to the value of education for a good start in life.

Though hardly able to gain a living on a small, barren farm, they strained every nerve to set us boys on the high road to the university.

I was the only one to gain scholarships. My brothers, though triers up to a point, were not given to book-learning.

My sisters—dear, lovable girls—married early and improvidently. One is now a widow struggling to keep herself and two delicate little girls by running a small drapery shop that does not pay.

One brother-in-law may truthfully be described as a wastrel. He does not ill-treat my sister in a physical sense, but he drinks away his wages as often as he takes them home.

The history of my brothers is equally depressing.

I HAVE not married, although I have reached twenty-six. The reason is quite simple; I cannot afford it. I have risen in my profession. I have a good practice, with a well-to-do *clientele*.

Yet I cannot put by any money or undertake any fresh responsibilities because of the heavy and increasing demands made upon me by my family.

My father and mother, now old and feeble, I help as a matter of course, and it is a joy to know that I can repay some of the sacrifices they made on my behalf.

But I am beginning to dread each morning's post, lest it should contain some fresh tale of woe.

With such a wide circle—brothers, sisters, their wives, husbands and children—you may imagine the varied and urgent needs:

"Minnie has made a very poor recovery from her illness. The doctor thinks if she could have a complete change of air. . . . But in the present state of business . . ."

"Margaret is looking frightfully shabby, but with a long doctor's bill still to face . . ."

"It seems a thousand pities to drag Tom away from school when he is doing so well, but the fees can't be afforded."

"Jack is out of work again. It is heartrending to see the home disappearing bit by bit. . . ."

IS it any wonder that the bachelor brother and uncle, the only one of the family with cash in his pocket, pulls out his cheque-book, and sends along a gleam of happiness?

I have done it regularly as a matter of course. I have even enjoyed it. Doubt first assailed me when I met the woman I would like to make my own wife.

But how dare I marry and bring a family of my own into the world since this would inevitably mean pulling up my purse strings, thus withdrawing the one support the more helpless members of my family can rely upon.

"HUMANIST" says: Don't allow your personal success to blind you to the basic fact of healthy life, which is individual effort. You had no rich uncle to help you win your own spurs, and why should your nephews need one?

Character is forged in the struggle. While old age and sickness may have legitimate claims on your charity, vigorous members of your family will actually be better for relying on their own endeavours.

I have known men in your position, tired of acting as milch-cow for an ever-increasing circle of parasites, marry in self-defence. This is what I advise you to do.

A WIFE'S HEART

runs away with her

NOW thirty-four years of age, I am the wife of a good working man and mother of two children. Ever since I can remember I have suffered from an overwhelmingly generous heart, and, however much I try, I cannot conquer the tendency to give whenever an appeal is made to me.

My husband earns a better wage than most of our neighbours, yet while they are buying their houses on the instalment system, we cannot put down the initial sum required to secure ours.

THE reason is generosity. I have brought myself down to actual shabbiness in clothes through helping relations who were down through ill-luck.

After every such bout I make a determined effort to be more thrifty, but it always falls to the ground whenever I receive an S O S.

I love to give. It makes me happy, yet I can't help occasional qualms when I remember the future for which we are not, in any way, preparing.

Still I give. I cannot even turn a beggar from the door. This morning there came to the door a very poor woman with four children almost naked, asking for help. I pictured my own children in similar plight, and my heart bled.

Pulling my shoes and stockings from my feet, I gave them to the mother, together with my little boy's second suit, so that he now must go to school in his best.

I had a shilling or two left in my purse from my week's housekeeping money and I gave them that.

For a time I felt elated at having "done what I could" to relieve suffering. Reaction set in when my husband came home and called me a fool. What do you think?

"HUMANIST" says: You are allowing your heart to run away with your head. It is not preventing suffering to encourage a poor woman to drag from door to door, half-starved children who could be well cared for in an institution.

It is folly to give away your children's clothes that they need to wear and to neglect the ordinary safeguards of their future.

While it is right to hold out a helping hand whenever possible, it is pride that prevents your saying "No" when your giving is actually hurting your own family.

Realise this and you will find yourself better able to discriminate.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

A Brave 'Bus-Man

THIS boy, who will be fourteen next month, and his two younger brothers lost their dad last month. Two years ago he was invalided from the London General Omnibus Company, by which he was employed as a conductor.

A "smart scholar"

During these two years he suffered severely from tuberculosis, which he bore with heroic fortitude.

When he was informed some weeks before his death that he had only a month to live, he gave his wife instructions regarding his burial and how to get her widow's pension.

Being ill for so long, his sick and benevolent funds expired some time ago, for he was in receipt of only 10s. a week disablement benefit and help from the Public Assistance Committee.

Poverty was therefore added to his physical pain, and this, too, he faced with courage.

During the war he was in the Royal Marines, Chatham Division, and throughout his life he bore an exemplary character.

When his eldest boy reaches his fourteenth birthday he is anxious to start work. His mother believes him to be a "smart scholar," and says she would like to see the lad get on in a decent job.

She is handicapped by having to pay instalments on her furniture, in addition to her other expenses, which add to the weight of sorrow her husband's death has brought her, though for him, "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

Donations sent to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, earmarked for this family, will be given intact.

It is the proud boast of this fund that every penny received is expended in relief, and nothing is deducted for the running expenses, which JOHN BULL bears.

Lists of donations may be seen at the offices, and a list of the current week's receipts will be sent on application.

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. Each one came from a perplexed man or woman. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

LIBERTY HALL

and the liberty takers

MY wife's only fault is her kindliness; she is too neighbourly and likes entertaining folks to meals. From breakfast time until midnight, neighbours, relations and distant acquaintances occupy our kitchen. They eat, drink tea generally, enjoy themselves, and stay for hours.

When I come home tired from work, longing for nothing so much as a wash and brush-up and a quiet meal, and afterwards to smoke my pipe in peace, I find the place full of jabbering women.

None of them seem sensitive enough to see how much I long for a little privacy. "Oh, don't go," my wife will say; "stay for a bit of supper," and they stay.

APART from the restlessness of this my wages really do not run to much entertaining. Yet, when I say a word to my wife, she bursts into tears and says I am trying to rob her of her friends.

My house is a club without subscriptions, and I am driven to walk out and pace the streets in order to get a little time to think.

"HUMANIST" says: Your wife's attitude is unreasonable, but she is less to blame than you are yourself. In a case of this sort you must be master in your own home.

Tell your wife kindly but firmly that she must cut down her entertaining to reasonable limits. And, if necessary, be politely outspoken to unwanted guests.

BRITISH MADE

FOUR for a BOB!

HERE IT IS—The Seven O'clock! The super-keen blade that is sold at four for a shilling! Put a Seven O'clock in your two-edge razor, and learn something new about shaving comfort! Seven O'clock the blade that lasts longer—better and sharper than those that cost more. Four for a shilling.

For Gillette Razors.

7 O'CLOCK BLADES

From all Dealers **DOUBLE EDGED**

The Easiest way to get the Best Value is to buy goods advertised in "John Bull."

The Guarantee appears on page 14.

George Robey says:

"Stop yer nonsense and smoke

BONDMAN"

Manicure your MOUTH

Why not? It is necessary and pleasant. Morning and evening use

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

Kills Dental Decay Germs within 30 seconds.

See how it improves your teeth and with what pleasant breath you awake.

THE GOLDEN RULE.
Have your teeth examined by a dentist every six months and use Euthymol twice daily. In spring-cap tubes, price 1/3 of all chemists.

COUPON

To Euthymol
(Dept. 67G),
50, Beak Street,
London, W.1.

Please send me a sample tube of Euthymol Tooth Paste, which I have not yet tried.

Name .....
.....
Address .....
.....
.....

Worth trying? Very well! Try it! We pay

£1,100

warded in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 121.

In the above contest solutions containing one or more errors were received from the following two competitors who share the £1,000 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a prize for £500 will be despatched.

Mrs. Oxley, Horbling, Billingborough, Lincs.

A. M. Crawford, 52, Ludlow Road, Guildford.

Any entrant who claims to have sent a solution entitling him to a share of the £1,000 and does not appear above, must demand a Scrutiny by First Post, Monday, July 20th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 71 competitors, who submitted solutions containing two errors and each will receive 5s. 3d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" Offices, and all have been notified.

Another £1,000 X-Word with £1 Midday cheques for runners-up appears on Page 12. Try your skill now.

Supreme Quality!

"Its the Creamiest"

ONLY the finest ingredients are good enough for The Cream of all Custards, and **it's so economical.** You cannot buy better. A trial will convince you.

Foster Clark's Cream Custard

WARNING!

Readers of this paper who desire to bet will be well advised to only do business with a firm of repute.

TAKE OUR ADVICE

Send all your commissions to :—

DAVID COPE

& ALFRED H. MAURICE, Ltd.

(Dept. J.B.),

227, BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2.

Letter Commissions are accepted from 1/- up to any amount, and if postmarked not later than set time of race and in accordance with rules

YOU ARE ON AT FULL STARTING PRICE OR TOTALISATOR PRICE

as desired. Winnings sent by immediate return. No irksome rules or unreasonable conditions.

A SQUARE DEAL EVERY TIME.

Best Prices Offered on all Future Events.

Become a Client TO-DAY

STOMACH TROUBLE

Prompt Relief

Mr. A. WOOD, 12, Elliot Rd, Prince Rock, Plymouth, writes.—"I had two operations on the Stomach for Ulcers. After leaving Hospital the Ulcers returned, and for six years I have not known what it was to enjoy a meal and every two to four hours I was in terrible pain. I determined to give Vitadatio a trial and from the very first day I am eating and thoroughly enjoy three good meals a day, and have not had the slightest pain or discomfort."

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney, and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores, 3 - and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in Great Britain only. Special 21/- bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free from VITADATIO, No. 121, Armley, Leeds. V186

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

SKIN DISEASES

Marvellous Results of New Blood Treatment.

"Skin Soft as Velvet."

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose eczema and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world. . . ."

(Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP,
30, British Grove, Chiswick, W.4.

The New Elasto Treatment is bringing quick relief and permanent cure to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Bad Legs, etc.

Send for Free Sample.

Elasto treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with **Free Sample** and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. Now! Or send 5/- for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

The NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY, Ltd.
(Dept. 15.B), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

My Happiest SUMMER SUNDAY

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, July 21.

MY LUCKY CHARM—KEEPSAKE—MASCOT

As a lover of nature, my happiest summer Sunday was spent at Aberdaron, a fishing village commanding a magnificent view of Cardigan Bay.

I visited the old church, in whose precincts the village inhabitants of long ago sleep. Strolling along the golden sands, I drank in the tonic of a bracing air.

The evening was perfect. The distant mountains wore a mantle of haze almost purple in colour.

Later the moon turned the gold into silver, and, returning along the beach, watching the shimmering waves, I turned in, feeling, with Browning, "God's in His heaven; all's right with the world."—*M. E. Jones, Cheshire.*

Restful

My happiest summer Sunday was spent in the Isle of Man. It was a glorious day. In the morning I went to Kirk Braddan, attended outdoor service, and strolled back to Douglas through the Nunnery grounds—surely one of the most beautiful walks in the kingdom.

Afterwards I got out among glen and mountain. Public-houses and shops were closed, everything was restful.

It was the Sabbath as our forefathers kept it before the machinery age, and a refreshing change from the half-and-half amusements of an English city.—*C. G., Manchester.*

Mother Pride

In church all was peace and beauty. It was the children's festival. My three sons were in the choir, and two of them were to sing a duet.

The organ began to play softly, and my two sons stepped out and sang a sweet, old hymn. Their clear young voices rang out unfalteringly. As they finished a bird sang its sweet notes.

My boys are now men, one out in Africa, doing Empire work. I can just close my eyes and live that happy summer Sunday again.—*Mother, Manchester.*

Happy Driver

Curious to relate, my happiest summer Sunday is when I am taking the mums, dads, and their kiddies away from the hub of toil and worry to the green fields and trees of the country.

It will be a sad day for the poorest class when the cheapest and safest vehicle is done away with.

If it is wrong to provide happiness for others by working on Sundays, then God forgive the different opinion of an old tram-driver.—*A. Yeadon, Leeds.*

The Best Film

I went into the woods—Mother Nature's movies, open on Sundays, admission free. I saw the best pictures, all talkie—yes, because they spoke to me of God.

The many greens of the trees, the yellow, pink, white and blue flowers, spoke to me.

They told me that God was still in heaven, and that He was always working for the world. He built, redecorating it throughout every spring, and augmenting its beauty every summer.

Why do people want the hot, close kinemas to open on Sundays, when God throws open this wonderful kinema and admits everybody?—*L. Alderson, Newcastle.*

Rewarded

I had arranged with three girl friends to go hiking one Sunday, but Fate stepped in.

Mother received a letter from some friends of the family to say that they would be visiting us on Sunday, so I reluctantly decided to sacrifice a little pleasure in my duty to mother, and helped with the extra work.

These visitors arrived, bringing two of their unexpected visitors, their sister and her son.

Youth ever clings to youth, as on that happy, fateful Sunday when I met my husband-to-be.—*L. B., Clapton.*

Home-Bird

My happiest summer Sunday is that which does occur before the "August Holiday"—when I from home don't stir.

I need not crush on crowded 'bus, nor travel in the train, but bask within my garden, building castles—well, in Spain!

The neighbours have migrated unto Scarborough or Southend; the cornet-player's gone to Cowes his holiday to spend.

The couple that are quarrelsome are cycling down to Strood, and "Nosey Parker's" gone away with all her noisy brood.

So I can sit and smoke beneath my apple-tree (or pear), and find the peace I've looked for throughout the livelong year.—*D. Pringle, London.*

Outdoor Reverence

Memories often float back to me of a never-to-be-forgotten Sunday, when, with a pal, a rucksack and a glorious invitation from King Sol, we left a drab, murky town and found a wonderful feeling of both pleasure and reverence in the presence of Dame Nature that somehow to me all the churches in England could not have given.

We returned tired, but full of the knowledge that, notwithstanding our unconventional day, we were happy.—*Pathfinder, Oldham.*

Starchy

My parents insisted that I [illegible] attend afternoon and evening [illegible] at the local church, complete with [illegible] collar and cuffs, even in the [illegible] weather.

However, I took advantage of [illegible] parents' absence from home one Sun[illegible] Donning a pair of grey flannels, [illegible] shirt and shoes, I spent the day by [illegible] sea.

Besides the enjoyment, what [illegible] proof did I require of that [illegible] Supreme Power than the breaking [illegible] waves and the rolling of the pebbles

I felt God's presence more that[illegible] than I had ever done in all my [illegible] attending the church, with its [illegible] faced and solemn-looking preache[illegible]—*J. W., Devon.*

Peace

The sun's rays, their brilliance [illegible] ened by approaching evening, [illegible] through the trees, splashing the [illegible] like surface of the pool with gold [illegible]

Instinctively I tread carefully, [illegible] fearing to break the restful silence [illegible] the wood; for here is peace.

In the trees, in the fading sunl[illegible] in the pool, in the soft coo of a [illegible] overhead, in the very air—a beau[illegible] satisfying peace.

My thoughts turn to forgiveness [illegible] good will, and I am happy—happy [illegible] the thought that here, among [illegible] own work, on God's own day, I [illegible] found peace of mind.—*J. E. B., Dev[illegible]*

Splendid Humanity

Strange to say, my happiest summ[illegible] Sunday was spent in the homely [illegible] of a small hospital.

Lying there, surrounded by sunsh[illegible] and flowers, hope and despair, I rea[illegible] how fine, how splendid, was humani[illegible] in sickness, and even in death.

I felt ashamed of my unusual emo[illegible] my faith, my love for those dear [illegible] folk, and yet happy beyond mea[illegible] for a mysterious peace had entered [illegible] tired, young heart and aching limb[illegible]

I was allowed to go home a week [illegible] fore I expected, and friends marve[illegible] at my astonishing recovery.—*Jeanne[illegible] Wales.*

Sweet Home

The happiest summer Sunday I [illegible] recollect was when I returned ho[illegible] after a long stay in a different pa[illegible] the country.

Never before had home seemed [illegible] beautiful, as it stood among the fir[illegible]

The school and meadows where I [illegible] spent my boyhood seemed to regain [illegible] charm, and the old by-lanes, where [illegible] the wild roses in dainty arches, [illegible] before me in reality once again.

As the evening drew near, old fa[illegible] and I joined in worship within [illegible] little grey church, and over all re[illegible] the peace of unity.—*A. D., Cheshire.*

* * *

"My boys, on behalf of the battal[illegible] I thank you." I was one of those [illegible] whom our commanding officer [illegible] speaking one Sunday morning on [illegible] Somme, in July of 1916.—*Capt. B[illegible] Croydon.*

"Your child will be discharged [illegible] this hospital on Sunday. Please [illegible] clothes." Imagine how I felt [illegible] my baby boy home after a severe [illegible] lasting six months.—*J. H., London.*

Having been away from home [illegible] for the first time, my happiest Su[illegible] this summer was when, after a [illegible] absence, I managed to get home [illegible] day.—*F. J. D., Staffs.*

The happiest Sunday was in last [illegible] tember, when a man asked me a q[illegible] tion in a quiet Derbyshire lane. [illegible] course I answered "Yes."—*F. C.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

My 54-1, 80-1, 48½-1 Doubles!

THIS week I want to sing a song about the Code selections. Eve and Whoopee, the recent 54 to 1 "double" at Windsor, put my followers in a pretty good humour, but this little triumph was eclipsed at Alexandra Park when Atherton (100 to 8) and Nitsichin (5 to 1) landed an 80 to 1 coup.

The success of this pair was particularly gratifying, as the horses, beside being coded, were tipped in JOHN BULL, and readers who, so far, have not given the code a trial had the benefit of them.

Following the A.P. "double," the next two selections were Luxor and Order at Nottingham. Luxor won at 100 to 7 and Order at 9 to 4—a "double" of 48½ to 1.

Lord Derby, who makes a hobby of collecting Liverpool Cups, is represented by Caerleon in next week's big race. He has been shaping well in recent gallops and is expected to go close.

I prefer O'Curry, who seems to have been given a great chance with only 7st. 7lb. to carry.

The Molyneux Cup, at the same meeting, is a poser of a race, but I do not intend to look beyond Tad. Peacock's filly is one of the most improved in training.

My tip for the Eclipse Stakes is Sandwich, and for the Saturday "double" I suggest Pricket and Tom Tit III.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, July 16, to Wednesday, July 22.

P D C X Z H J S M L T A N G Q K
V B R E F I U O Y W 98 97 96 95 94 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

95 S M X O R 97 O would read GOYESCAS.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

Y97O297H would read MASSAI.

"SILVER RING."

SCORING

because of
their QUALITY
and QUANTITY

PLAYER'S

The **FULL VALUE** *Cigarette*

STABBING TORTURE

of unbearable Headaches

"Nothing seemed to go to the root of the trouble until I took a Daisy Powder," writes Mrs. Rayner, of Collyhurst, Manchester. "I used to be left absolutely exhausted by the stabbing torture until Daisy helped me to enjoy life again."

'Daisy' takes away the worst headache in 5 to 10 minutes by soothing the nerves. No harmful drugs. No aspirin. Cannot upset your heart or digestion. "I can conscientiously recommend 'Daisy' Powders," says a doctor, "as I take them myself."

2D. each
Packet of 4 Powders 7½D.

DAISY
HEADACHE POWDERS
Daisy Ltd., Horsforth Leeds.

OBESITY

THE SHADFORTH DOUBLE-DUPLEX TREATMENT (No. 575/DD).

comprises:

(1) Special Compound of Seaweed in pill form to be taken before meals. (Price 2/6 and 4/6 per box).

(2) Marienbad Salts, to be taken in the morning and before meals. (Price 1/6 and 3/- per package.)

(3) A Special Fat Reducing Massage Cream. (Price 2/6 and 4/6 per jar.)

(4) A special Ox Gall Soap for removing the fat from the skin. (Price 1/3 per tablet.)

This simultaneous four-fold attack is remarkably successful. The complete four-fold treatment, with directions, costs 7/6 (2 weeks' treatment), and 14/6 (4 weeks' treatment). Each item is supplied separately if desired.

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.

(Dept. J.B. 21), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4.

Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and all chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order at short notice if requested to do so.

TONGUE COATED? BACKACHE? HEADACHE or "RUN DOWN"?

If so get a bottle of that Famous Remedy Dr. Kilmer's great Herbal Kidney, Liver and Bladder Medicine SWAMP-ROOT. Its mild tonic effect gently stimulates the organs and soon cleanses the system of impurities, relieving **Rheumatism, Backache, Headache, Dizziness, Nausea, Indigestion, Nervousness, Sickness, Palpitation, Sleeplessness, Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Faintness, Spots before the Eyes,** etc.

DR. KILMER'S

SWAMP-ROOT

A gentle, healing, soothing compound, acts on the

KIDNEYS, LIVER & BLADDER

At all Chemists 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

Get a Bottle to-day. Our "Health Guide" enclosed contains valuable information. Dept. J.B.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Brixton Hill, S.W.2

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS

QUICK RELIEF AND COMFORT

Bladder Irritation is more troublesome when it disturbs one's sleep. You need the mild, soothing antiseptic provided in Shadforth "Bladder comfort," No. 285. It acts like a charm. It is prescribed for chill on bladder and kidneys, burning, cystitis, prostatitis, leg pains, rheumatism, sciatica, etc. Don't worry yourself into a nervous wreck. Get immediate relief and comfort with the proved remedy: **Shadforth Prescription No. 285.** Prices: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 12/- (300 pills).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Limited,

(Dept.J.B.25) 49, King William St., London Bridge, E.C.4

Boots, Taylors, and all chemists stock or obtain.

JOHN BULL'S £1,000 X-WORD

BIG NEW X-WORD OFFER

EASY TO WIN NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

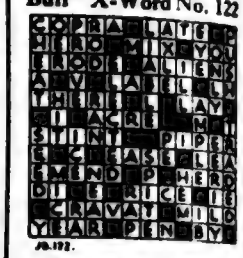
UNLIMITED £2 HOLIDAY CHEQUES FOR RUNNERS UP

ONCE more "John Bull" will help you to pay for your holidays. In this great fair and square Crossword Contest there is a big first prize of £1,000 which MUST BE WON and £2 Holiday Cheques for runners-up. A little skill, and a little of your spare time may secure for you this four figure fortune or a useful cheque toward your holidays. ENTER this great contest NOW!

"JOHN BULL" will pay £1,000 for a correct solution, on one form, of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. A special Holiday Prize of £2 will be awarded to every competitor whose solution contains one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale on Thursday, July 30th, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 6th.

Winners in X-Word No. 121 appear on page 29.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 122



JB.122.

Result will be published next week.

The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 122 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil; cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for 1 double Entry Form is SIXPENCE—for 2 double Entry Forms send ONE SHILLING. Make Post Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. /; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in its number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, July 23rd.

2.—No competitor may submit more than two double Entry Forms. Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 6th. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the £1,000 prize, he must demand a Scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, August 18th, in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such Scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £2 Holiday Prizes for runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it.

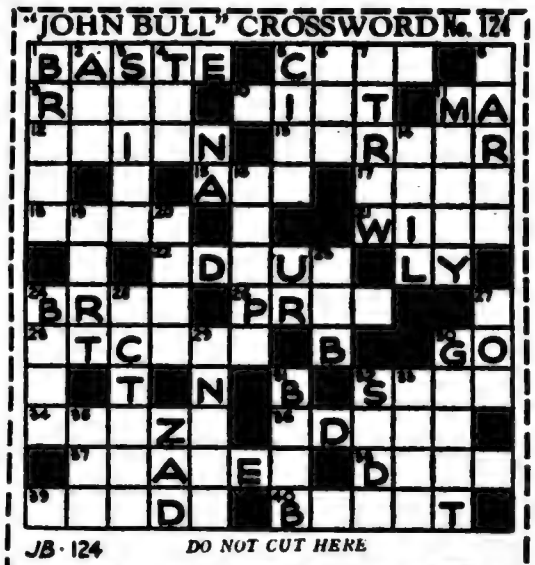
5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

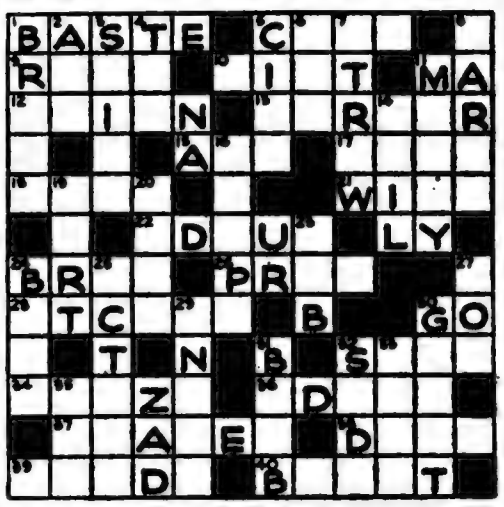
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible.

ENTRY FEE. With two coupons send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four coupons send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. } See Rule 1.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 124



JB·124 DO NOT CUT HERE



JB·124

In entering this competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No..... P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover One Double Entry Form, and Shilling P.O. to cover Two Double Entry Forms.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Coupons 6D.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY, JULY 23rd

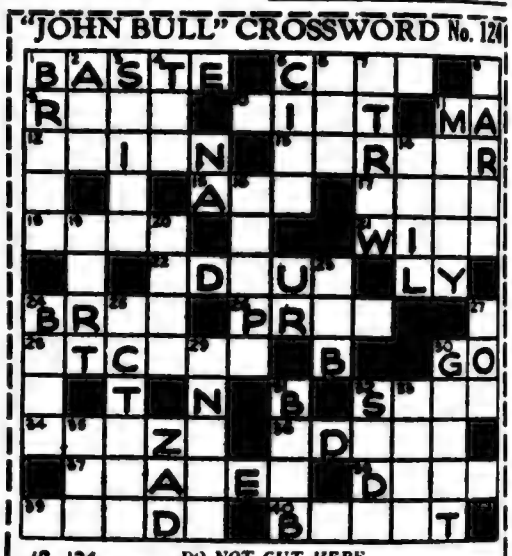
CLUES ACROSS.

1. Sew lightly.
5. Needed when producing play.
9. Mature.
10. Goes with a swing
12. Foreigner.
13. Extreme fear.
15. Card higher than a king.
17. Opposite to "west."
18. Speeded.
21. Eager desire.
22. Strong smell.
24. Urchin.
26. You can do this with a stick.
28. Irritates.
32. Postal workers do, to letters.
34. Lay hold of.
36. Worship.
37. Wanderer.
38. The departed are this.
39. Sometimes given to child.
40. Made when blowing trumpet.

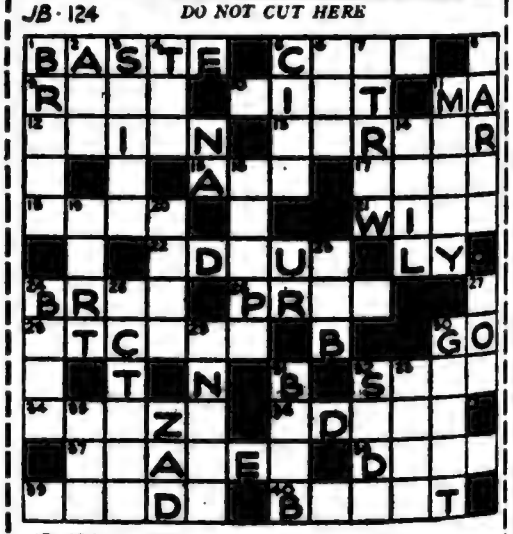
CLUES DOWN.

1. Loved by Sandy.
2. Be ill.
3. Falling on this may prove disastrous.
4. Golfer starts from.
5. Quote.
6. Beer.
7. Scatter.
8. Flowers grow in this.
11. Covered with moss.
14. Coal usually travels by.
16. Tended by farm worker.
19. Is often unreal on stage.
20. "How —— the little busy bee."
23. Steal.
24. Dustman collects these.
25. A deed.
27. Mother keeps an eye on this.
29. Foe.
30. Very big.
31. Is found on barbed wire.
32. A whisky and ——.
33. Crude minerals.
35. An age.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 124



JB·124 DO NOT CUT HERE



JB·124

In entering this competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No..... P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover One Double Entry Form, and Shilling P.O. to cover Two Double Entry Forms.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Coupons 1/-

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY, JULY 23rd

If entering two Double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to both.

HOW TO ADDRESS ENTRY

Send Entry in envelope bearing 1½d. stamp and post to "John Bull" Crosswords (No. 124), 37, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Write to "John Bull" About It!

The EDITOR REPLIES

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service, who will deal with any matter causing anxiety to our readers. Simply send a stamped addressed envelope with your query.

B. D. (Newport).—"A doctor says that he doesn't believe in women wearing thin summer frocks." We wonder what his wife has stung him for now.

AUTHOR (Devizes).—"Have you read my last book?" We hope so.

J. D. (Reading).—"Say, how much do you get for this article?" We are an editor, not a magistrate.

F. P. (Bedford).—"The trailers of the talkies are very misleading." Yes, they are not always what they scream.

G. W. (Cork).—"The best men are always ready to smile." That's how we distinguish them from the bridegrooms.

S. T. (Bodmin).—"Sir, I look upon you as a fool." You may look upon us as any character you care to assume.

REFORMER (Brixton).—"Women will soon be employed in our prisons." This should deter many a hardened criminal.

C. H. (Walsall).—"Every year 2,000 lbs. of pennies go in machines." Slots for money.

E. J. (Frinton).—"While I was singing, the audience showed a good deal of feeling." For their hats?

W. P. (Yarmouth).—"My life was saved by a piece of floating wood." So you kept your head above water?

S. P. (Cowes).—"Yachting is my hobby, and I have no time for girls." You are content to hug the shore.

S. P. (Lewes).—"At the conclusion of the tennis tournament one of the courts was found to be 12 ft. too long." A fault?

G. O. (Margate).—"What is worse than coming out of the sea and finding your clothes a quarter of a mile away?" Not finding them.

C. V. (Banbury).—"Why do you think that I am always the first person asked to recite at a party?" Perhaps the idea is to get it over.

D. P. (Hitchin).—"Did you see me on the courts at Wimbledon this year?" No, we never take much notice of the ball boys.

E. M. (Luton).—"I shall have more time to write when I start my holidays on the first of August." We have decided to begin ours at the same time.

L. L. M. (Chelsea).—"I laughed heartily for five minutes without stopping the other day." Did your boss tell a joke?

DEBATER (Aldgate).—"Until I was twenty-five years old I had never been beaten in an argument." Presumably he married at that age.

K. (London, S.).—"A house made entirely of glass has been built in Paris." Privacy in the bathroom is obtained by having a very hot bath and disappearing behind the steam.

S. (Hatfield).—"My daughter was in the parlour all the evening with her young man, and when I looked through the keyhole, what do you think I found?" The lights.

R. (Canterbury).—"It's no use knowing how to enjoy money if you haven't got any." And it's no use having money if you don't know how to enjoy it.

N. (Hampstead).—"After four o'clock, I called to see a man who works in a Government office, but found that he had already left." Not dead, but gone by four.

AMERICAN (Strand).—"I am going to see things in England that other visitors have missed." You must try to find an inn with a window through which Dick Turpin did not escape and which never slept in by Queen Elizabeth.

H. V. (Derby).—"Would you like my article on dogs?" If it's snappy.

R. M. (Grendon).—"I received a bunch of forget-me-nots from an old friend of mine." How much do you owe him?

R. C. (Belfast).—"Telling lies is not one of my failings." Judging from your letter, you seem to do it rather well.

MRS. R. (Esher).—"My maid has remained with me for five years." But surely not without a break?

A. D. (Totnes).—"Does anybody ever profit by the advice a doctor gives?" Yes—the doctor.

R. S. (Sutton).—"A donkey that broke its halter was found wandering near a playwright's home." But it may just have been a coincidence.

C. P. (Bognor).—"In the newest London theatres the heating arrangements are excellent." All the same, they don't always keep away the frosts.

JAS. D. (Plymouth).—"A woman can easily dress and perform her toilet in ten minutes." It's just sheer spite that uses up the other hour and a half.

M. B. (Coventry).—"A man was recently charged with double bigamy." He was, however, sentenced to a long period of safety.

PRODUCER (London, W.).—"Musical comedies run longer than any other theatrical production." Well, look at the legs they have!

J. M. (Chingford).—"An airship cover has been offered for sale." Now is the chance for those amateur gardeners who wish to protect their prize vegetable marrows from the rain.

J. B. M. (Streatham).—"A London business man is to have a private swimming-pool." It rather looks as though he doesn't suit a bathing-costume any better than we do.

J. C. N. (London, N.).—"When a woman begins to radiate charm purposely it means that she is battling the spectre middle-age." Or of course, that she has set her heart on a new frock.

N. M. (Ely).—"My father wasted a lot of his money." Did he send you to a good school?

CUTHBERT (Melton).—"What do you think prevents my marrying the girl?" The girl.

P. M. (Goole).—"I do not believe in running into debt." You just hike there, we suppose?

R. M. (Manchester).—"Owing to lack of support our cricket dance has been abandoned." No ball!

G. M. (Tamworth).—"I asked my lawyer to give me his honest opinion." You must be a super-optimist.

W. N. (Yarmouth).—"Nothing but the best is good enough for my wife." So she is divorcing you?

D. S. (Bungay).—"I have just married the girl who dismissed me in the mixed cricket-match." Caught!

E. T. (Atherstone).—"My apples took first prize at the flower show." Did they get into the gooseberry class by mistake?

N. S. (Brixton).—"I never speak unless I know what I am talking about." Eventually you may lose the power of speech.

L. C. (Chard).—"Some women are always telling each other that woman's work is never done." With the result that it never is.

P. K. (Appleby).—"Can you see any harm in a motorist having a drink?" No; one swallow doesn't make a summons.

R. W. (Runcorn).—"You often see some strange sights walking along our country roads." That's not the way to speak of hikers.

T. R. (Saltley).—"There are over a million cats in Birmingham alone." We'll wager they don't sound as though they were alone.

R. K. (Mayfair).—"An American film star has married four members of high society and divorced them all." She evidently moves in the best triangles.

MISS M. C. (Walthamstow).—"A few words can stir up no end of troubles." And sweep them away, too! Have you seen the 100 Holiday Cheques offered on page 35?

A. T. (Newcastle).—"A man who would not dream of throwing his rubbish into his neighbour's back garden thinks nothing of leaving his litter in public parks." Or putting it in an envelope and sending it to us.

CHARLES (Southampton).—"I hear that on the new liner *Empress of Britain* there are beauty parlours, shops, a kinema, a dance-hall, cocktail bars, children's playgrounds and a marble-tiled swimming-pool." There are also cabins for those who wish to sleep.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SIDE-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. In the event of the same "Slip" being sent by more than one reader, the award is paid to sender of the first letter opened. Mark envelopes "Slips."

GLASGOW HERALD:—"Milk for sale, 40 gallons daily, been FOURTEEN YEARS WITH DAIRYMAN."

"THE FORTUNATE LADY" (Novel):—"Yes, he had clearly lived in open spaces beneath a glare of Southern SEAS."

EVENING WORLD (Bristol):—"Wristlet watches, for example, have largely superseded pocket MATCHES in Western countries."

"THE CLAW" (Novel):—"The boy with the music had left off playing. HE PUT HIS PIANO IN HIS HAIR."

TIMES AND SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE:—"No one should hesitate to be ABSENT on this occasion."

LINCOLNSHIRE ECHO:—"There were 13 ADULTS and two PASSENGERS in the 'bus."

ACE HIGH MAGAZINE:—"His eyes blazed with anger from between NARROWED LIPS."

HARROW OBSERVER AND GAZETTE:—"Flat of three rooms in ICE house."

BATH AND WILTS CHRONICLE AND HERALD:—"Among the visitors at the hotel was a man who was accommodated on a COACH in the smoke-room."

LIVERPOOL ECHO:—"The woman was found suffering from knife wounds IN THE KITCHEN."

THE SCARLET SIGN:—"'I will swear I saw him write it with my own HAND.'"

EAST KENT MERCURY:—"Each had a glass of BEER containing INTOXICATING LIQUOR."

READING STANDARD:—"He did not do so and struck the lady between the OFFSIDE WING AND DUMB-IRON."

WONDER STORIES:—"The noises would cause any mortal to tremble in his BOOKS."

DAILY MAIL:—"She had her licence suspended on two PRECIOUS occasions."

WORLD'S NEWS:—"The worst TEN YEARS of a woman's life are those between THIRTY-NINE and FORTY."

CHRONIC BRONCHITIS & ASTHMA

CURED 32 YEARS AGO AND STILL FIT AND WELL

89-Year-Old Reverend Gentleman's Remarkable Letter To Mr. Haynel

THE REV. S. JONES, 89 years old. Cured 32 years ago and still Fit and Well.

DEFINITE and Irrefutable PROOF that Chronic Respiratory Troubles can be Absolutely and **PERMANENTLY** CURED is contained in the following Remarkable Letter from an 89-year-old Reverend Gentleman. Read what he says:—

12, Arvon Terrace,
Penmaenrhos,
Old Colwyn, N. Wales.

Dear Mr. Haynel, 8.5.31.

I am an old patient of yours, now 32 years ago, and am in my 89th year. I feel that it is only due to you that I should write this letter of gratitude, for I am conscious that I should not have attained this age, had I not taken your treatment at the time.

My work then, as a Country Minister, entailed heavy mental and physical effort, and a severe attack of Bronchitis rendered me helpless and made my future full of misgivings. Soon I found myself unable to "carry on," for coupled with the Bronchitis was a general feeling of exhaustion, sleeplessness and a suffocating condition when lying down, also there was a constant tickling in the throat which accentuated the cough.

After trying all sorts of highly-praised remedies and failing to get adequate relief, I finally was persuaded to write to you with the result that, after two weeks, when walking out and meeting my Doctor, he said, "This is wonderful; there are ten years of hard work in you yet." Five weeks after commencing your Treatment I was in full work again as a Circuit Minister. **I recovered entirely from my trouble and have been in good health ever since.**

Needless to say, I shall be most happy to recommend your Cure to others as opportunity occurs, and shall be delighted to answer any enquiry respecting your Treatment from sufferers of this complaint. Yours very gratefully,

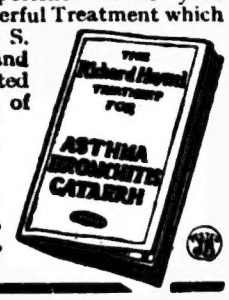
(Signed) REV. SILAS JONES.

An Offer of *FREE* Advice & Help to *YOU*

Now, in order to bring the benefits of my Home Treatment more widely to the service of sufferers, I am going to offer my FREE Advice and Help to **all** who will write to me without delay.

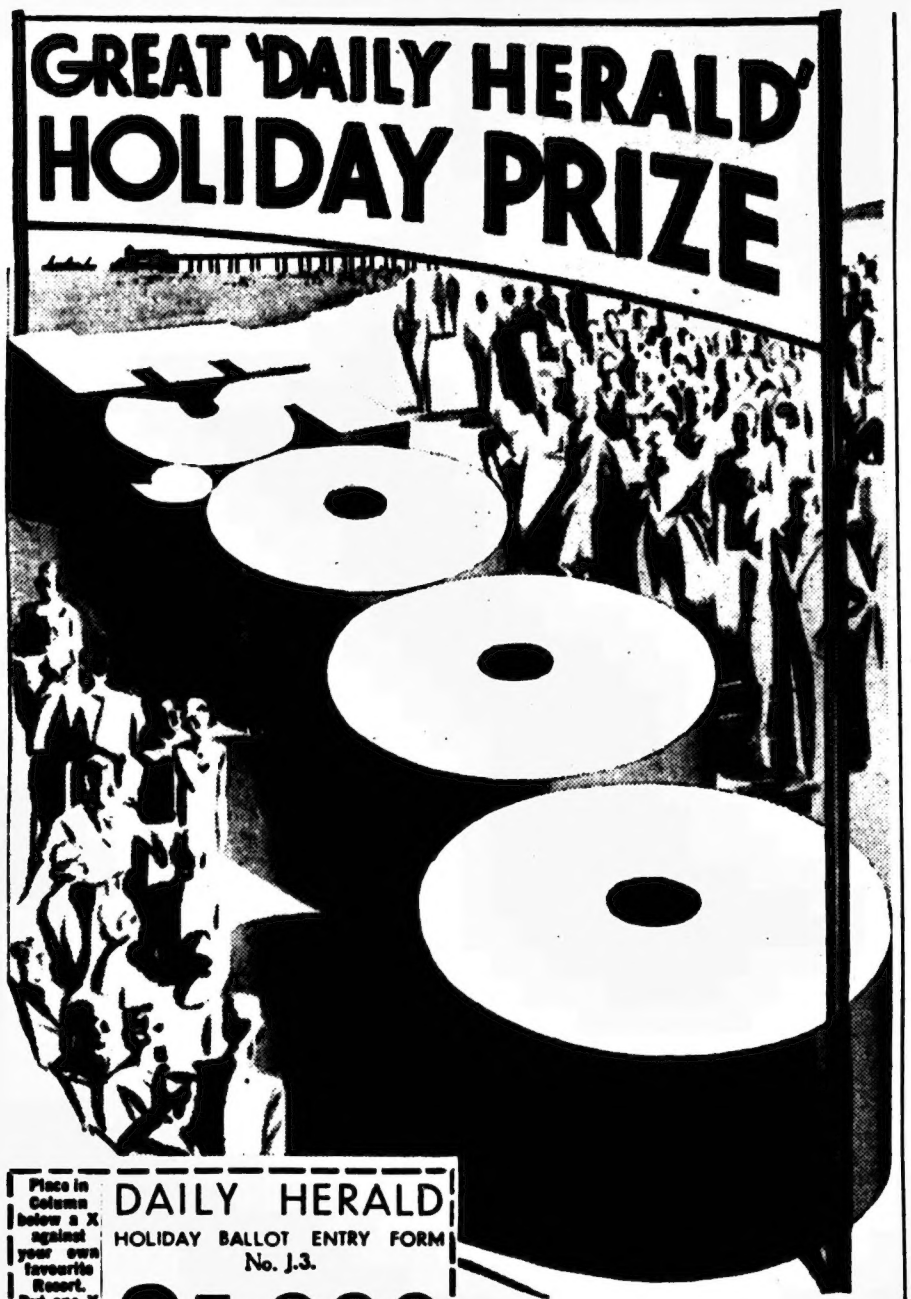
If **YOU** are a Sufferer from ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, CATARRH, CHOKING PAROXYSMS, COUGHS, SHORTNESS OF BREATH, or any other RESPIRATORY TROUBLE, do not fail to write stating how you feel and what your Symptoms are, and you will be sent a Long Confidential Letter of Advice and Help. You will learn how, without the aid of Drugs, Pills, Powders or Palliatives—and in the privacy of your own home—you can be permanently freed from your Chest Weakness and Martyrdom.

DON'T DELAY, but write **AT ONCE** for Confidential Advice. My more than 35 years' experience is at your disposal—the Wonderful Treatment which cured the Rev. S. Jones 32 years ago and which has benefited many thousands of sufferers is at **YOUR** service. **Write TO-DAY!**



Mr. R. HAYNEL (Specialist) (J.B.), Ambrose Place, Worthing.

GREAT 'DAILY HERALD' HOLIDAY PRIZE



Place in Column below a X against your own favourite Resort. Put one X only. If you send in more than one entry, vote each time for the same town as your favourite.

DAILY HERALD
HOLIDAY BALLOT ENTRY FORM
No. J.3.

£5,000

MUST BE WON
FORECAST BELOW

the Order of Popularity of the 14 Holiday Resorts. Place figure 1 opposite your first choice, 2 opposite your second choice & so on up to 14.

	BLACKPOOL
	BOURNEMOUTH
	BRIDLINGTON
	BRIGHTON
	DOUGLAS
	HASTINGS
	LLANDUDNO
	MARGATE
	ROTHESAY
	SCARBOROUGH
	SOUTHEND
	WESTON-SUPER-MARE
	WEYMOUTH
	GREAT YARMOUTH

Complete in ink.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this competition and to accept as final and legally binding the decision of the Editor of the "Daily Herald" in all matters appertaining thereto.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....
(Block letters.)

.....

State if Registered Reader (Yes or No).....

AFFIX a three-halfpenny stamp to space on right.

Address entry to Holiday Ballot "Daily Herald," 3, St. Bride St., London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

On the back of your envelope you must write in the bottom left-hand corner the name of your favourite town and the number of votes you enclose for this town. Also, on the flap write your name and address in block letters. Failure to do this involves disqualification.

Save your Entry Forms until close of contest—then send in all together in same envelope to arrive not later than first post Tuesday, August 18. Entry Forms appear daily in the "Daily Herald" until Saturday, August 8th.

AFFIX YOUR THREE HALF-PENNY STAMP HERE.
Stamp must be affixed to each Entry Form sent in.

MUST BE WON

£5,000 for making a simple forecast! A fortune for deciding in your mind which seaside resorts will attract the largest number of holiday makers! This huge prize *must be won* and an extra £1,000 will be paid to the winner if he or she should be a registered reader of the "Daily Herald."

Look down the list of resorts opposite—turn over in your mind their many attractions—ask your friends in what order of popularity *they* would place them and then send in your forecast to-day. A little skill, a little concentration, and £5,000 may be yours.

All You Have to Do—

1. Read carefully the directions on the Entry Form.
2. Vote for your own favourite Resort (ONLY ONE) by placing a cross (X) in the column on the LEFT-HAND side of the Entry Form.
3. Next make a forecast in the column provided on the RIGHT-HAND side of the Entry Form of what you consider will be the order of popularity decided by the general vote. To do this, simply place the figure 1 opposite your first choice, the figure 2 opposite your second choice and so on up to 14.

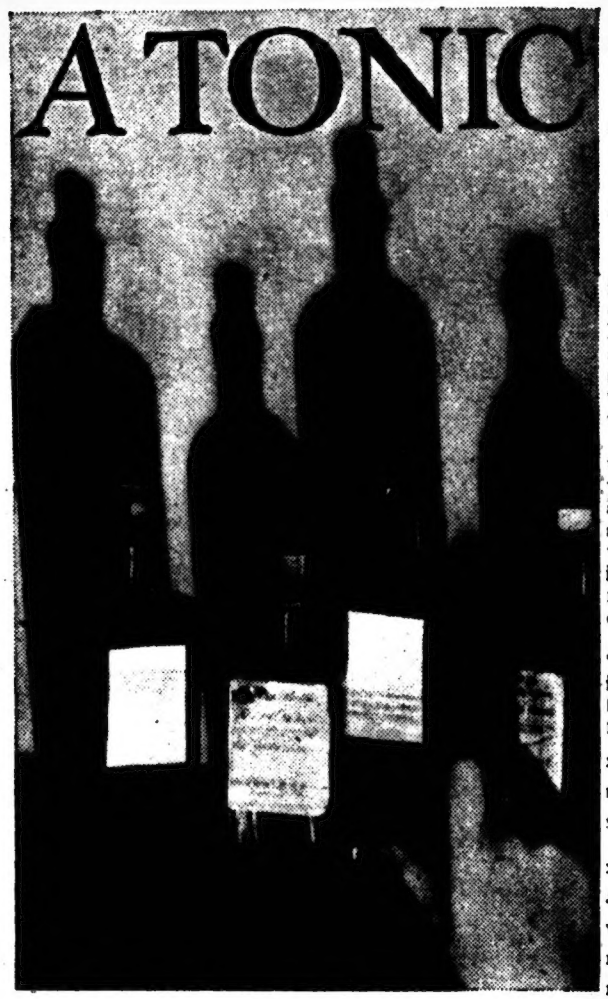
Keep a copy of your forecasts, a note of the resort for which you vote as your favourite, and also a note of the total number of Entry Forms you send in.

Competitors may send in as many entries as they wish. Further Entry Forms are appearing daily in the "Daily Herald" up to Saturday, August 8th.

A few minutes of your time may bring you this great fortune of £5,000. Enter for this fascinating Contest of skill to-day by filling in the Entry Form on the left to-day.

OPEN TO ALL

A TONIC which worked wonders



The finest tonic of all in case of illness is a cheque under "John Bull's" Great Free Insurance Gift. In thousands of cases these "tonics" have worked wonders.

"I can honestly say that without your cheque we should not have been as well as we are now," says a reader who, along with his wife, was taken ill. "Those little extras needed are now within easy reach."

Could *you* call on "John Bull" for a cheque if you were ill? If so, fill in the registration forms below.

SICKNESS BENEFITS £5 5s. each.

A few of those who have received cheques recently on account of measles, diphtheria, smallpox, typhoid fever, etc.

RHYLLAN, CARNS.—Mr. E. Lloyd, Rhewelrglodd, Glynarthen.
GT. YARMOUTH.—Mrs. J. E. Jex, 9, Victoria St., Northgate St.
LOW SPENNYMOOR, CO. DURHAM.—Mrs. L. Bowman, 52, Dean Rd.
BARNSLEY.—Mrs. M. Hutchinson, 2, Lodge St., Holly Bank, Hemsworth.
SOUTH SHIELDS.—Mr. R. A. Morton, 18, Green St.
ROTHERHAM.—Mrs. O. Hutton, 9A, Atlas St., Brinsworth.
STOWMARKET.—Mr. A. G. Martin, Aspall, nr. Debenham.
SWINDON.—Mr. H. D. Johnson, 45, Beckhampton St.
UPTON LOVELL, WILTS.—Mr. J. Poulter, Corton.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. D. Bennett, 89, Langstone Rd., Yardley Wood.
LEICESTER.—Mr. G. Glover, 8, Court A, Albion St.
NR. SHEFFIELD.—Mr. H. E. Mason, 2, Rutland Terr., Gt. Barlow.
CHESTERFIELD.—Mrs. M. Troop, 29, Storrs Rd., Brampton.
CARDIFF.—Mr. M. Sdralok, 28, Arabella St., Roath.
GWAUN CE GURWEN.—Mr W. Hill, 14, Crescent Rd.
NR. STOWMARKET.—Mr. J. Wilding, Green Walk, Wyverstone.
SHREWSBURY.—Mrs. C. Gamble, 13, Belle Vue Rd.
WINDSOR.—Mrs. E. Brewer, 7, Trinity Place.
BARROW-IN-FURNESS.—Mr. J. W. Shaw, 33, Exmouth St.
NORTHAMPTON.—Mr. F. C. Pendrel, Grendon.
NR. STAFFORD.—Mrs. F. W. [illegible] Hixon.
ROCHDALE, LANCS.—Mrs. M. W[illegible] 42, Harris St.
MABLETHORPE, LINCS.—Mr. G. [illegible] Atkin, Sutton Rd., Trusthorpe.
NR. HORNCASTLE, LINCS.—Mrs. E. M. Holmes, Tetford.
JARROW-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. J. [illegible] Todd, 117, High St.
WATLINGTON, OXON.—Mrs. [illegible] Cook, North Farm, Britwell.
NR. CLAPTON, E.5.—Mrs. J. [illegible] Lewis, 65, Clifden Rd.
PORT TALBOT.—Mr. E. Morris, Gelli Grydeg, Baglan.
LIVERPOOL.—Mr. J. Hesketh, 38, Lincoln St., Garston.
ABERAMAN, ABERDARE.—Mrs. D. H. Jones, 4, Hill St.
CWMAMMAN, GLAM.—Mrs. S. Edwards, 3, Bedlwyn St.
TILBURY, ESSEX.—Mr. H. Pawsucker, 5, St. Chads Rd.
BEANOR, NOTTS.—Mrs. A. E. Grundy, 5, Broadway.
GRIMSBY.—Mrs. M. A. Fisher, 155, Rutland St.
TOTTENHAM, N.17.—Mrs. E. Shore, 42, Coniston Rd.
NR. BURTON-ON-TRENT.—Miss C. Till, Bowleys Lane, Appleby Magna.
FOREST HALL.—Mr. J. H. Oliver, "Relvaux," Leyburn Avenue.
HUDDERSFIELD.—Mrs. L. Senior, 35, Outcote Bank.
TAUNTON.—Mrs. W. Lewis, Council Houses, Stoguinber.
RADNOR.—Mr. F. H. Thomas, Castle Bank, Knighton.

Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, Accident—"John Bull" Covers You Fro

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent.**

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 18/7/31.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.
Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and address of Newsagent.....

.....

..... Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.** J.B., 18/7/31.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW PEN OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS—

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed two years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib.*

Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

HOLIDAY PRIZES INCREASED TO 100!

RISING TIDE OF HOLIDAY CASH!

ANOTHER big rise in the tide of *Bullets* Holiday Prizes is seen in this week's offer. Wade in this evening and win a holiday at JOHN BULL's expense!

Your reward for half-an-hour with the *Examples* may be that £300 First Prize, or any of the 99 other cheques which are waiting for good *Bullets*. Moreover, if you are amongst the senders of the 20 best sorts you will receive a luxurious £4 "Revelation" Expanding Suitcase as well as your cash prize.

Make a *Bullet* this way. Simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of your own and original comment to any of the *Examples* given below. For instance, suppose you chose the *Example* FISHING FOR A HUSBAND, the added words THEN CALLING HIM "SHRIMP" would complete a *Bullet*.

These winning *Bullets* from last week's prize-list will guide you further along the road to success:—

FLOWERY LANGUAGE—"WREATH" FOR SHAREHOLDERS' CASH.
WHEN BRITAIN AWAKES—USUALLY IN "DARKEST HOUR."

Now get busy with your *Bullets* for this week's contest. A few well-chosen words, entered by Saturday, July 25, on one of the coupons on this page, and you may soon enjoy a dip into JOHN BULL's pocket for your holiday expenses.

Choose from these "Examples"

LOOK OUT RAMSAY—
THE DEATH KNELL
LOADED WITH MONEY
FISHING FOR A HUSBAND
OUGHT TO BE CAREFUL
DOWN IN THE DEPTHS
PROVIDED
AMUSES SONNY
THANKS TO THE LANDLADY
WORKING LIKE A HORSE
DOUBTFUL
WHEREVER WE GO
JOB FOR A POLICEMAN
NOTHING EXTRA
AT TIMES
NOW THEY FINISHED
SEASIDE BAND
KEEP COOL AND
WHEN DAD WENT HIKING
MAD RUSH
REDUCING EXPENSES
WINKED AT
IN FAME'S TEMPLE
STAKING EVERYTHING
LEFT
MAKES ME FEEL SICK
FEEBLE ATTEMPT
RAIN RAIN RAIN
MOST IMPROPER
TREAT FOR THE PUBLIC
IDEAL LIFE
JUDGING BY HER DRESS

The result of Competition No. 810 ("Bullets" Record Summer Offer) will appear in our next issue, on sale on Thursday, July 23.

"BULLETS" RULES

The First Prize will be awarded for what the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received. The other prizes in order of merit, the ... being cleverness, aptness and originality. ... Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon ... use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the ... of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be clearly noted on each coupon submitted. ... coupons must not be mutilated.

The Editor's decision on any matter of ... dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this ... is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

FREE HELP FOR YOU

HAVE you seen *Bullets Bulletin*? Although we have published this free weekly help for would-be winners every Thursday for over two years, many competitors have yet to join the list of regular readers.

Its pages are packed each week with helpful advice and items of interest to every competitor.

In addition to a message from the Competition Editor and a free £10 a week contest for regular readers, each issue contains "Bullets That Missed"—an invaluable feature explaining the commonest causes of failure in our competition. Winners describe each week exactly how their successful efforts were made, and First Prize coupons are frequently reproduced for your guidance. An advance list of *Examples* is also included in its pages, while "Watch The Winners," the "Bulleteers'" Parliament and Prize Hints are other important features.

Post Coupon To-day

No "Bulleteer" should be without this budget of assistance, which we supply without charge, requiring readers to pay only the halfpenny postage upon it.

A post-free specimen copy can be obtained by applying on a penny postcard to the address on coupon at the foot of the next column. Your better plan, however, is to complete this coupon and thus make sure of a copy every Thursday for 12 weeks.

Many winners attribute their success to the weekly assistance of *Bullets Bulletin*, and sixpence thus invested may bring a huge dividend.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagent from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" (No. 813) recently purchased "John Bull."

The original cheque for £300 awarded to the first Prize-winner in Competition No. 810 will be displayed in the window of Mr. G. G. Hamilton, 140, Gloucester Road, Bristol.

Example _____ Bullet _____ Closing SAT. July 25
Example _____ Bullet _____
(813) P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Signed _____ Address _____

Cut out each coupon separately.

Example _____ Bullet _____ Closing SAT. July 25
Example _____ Bullet _____
(813) P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Signed _____ Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Bullet _____ Closing SAT July 25
Example _____ Bullet _____
(813) P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Signed _____ Address _____

Enter your full name and address on each coupon.

Example _____ Bullet _____ Closing SAT. July 25
Example _____ Bullet _____
(813) P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Signed _____ Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 813, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE FREE "BULLETINS"

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "and Co.," payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "Bullets Bulletin," commencing with the next available issue.

NAME .....

Do not send this coupon with your Bullets entry.

ADDRESS .....

.....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 13, SHORT'S GARDENS, LONDON, W.C.2

MARVELLOUS SHAVEX OUTFIT COMPLETE FOR 1/6.

Shavex Zee-Kol Co. have now placed on the Market the most perfect outfit for shaving. Its contents are shown below—A Razor, a large tube of Shavex and 2 perfect Blades. There is not another blade that can compete with the Shavex Blade. The whole outfit is unique.

The razor is so perfected that it can be cleaned in a few seconds, and it is so well plated that the plating will last many years—so unlike many razors to-day, even expensive ones, the handles of which all turn verdigris, which is very dangerous to the skin. The Shavex Razor glides over the face so that you can hardly feel it and you will find that you have had the most perfect shave of your life. This outfit should be taken on all one's travels. No water is necessary with Shavex. This expensive outfit can be obtained for 1/6, an offer which has never been known before and never will again. We consider it is the finest razor with the finest blades on the market.

"Shavex" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving. What is more simple than wetting the beard with water, smearing a little "Shavex" lightly over the beard, and then shaving? You will get the smoothest, cleanest and best shave you have ever had, and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear as "Shavex" is a Skin Food. There is no soda in "Shavex" as is used in other shaving soaps.

THIS COMPLETE OUTFIT 1/6

The SHAVEX OUTFIT contains

A SHAVEX SAFETY RAZOR
2 SHAVEX SUPER BLADES
A LARGE TUBE OF SHAVEX

The complete Outfit is obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or post free from

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. R. 11)
40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19

It will also take only a quarter of the time required with soap and brush. Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. "Shavex" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic, and a Skin Preserver. SHAVEX prevents formations of wrinkles and lines, and keeps away the ravages of time. Travellers who, when on a journey, find themselves short of water, can always get a perfect shave when carrying SHAVEX and look fresh. After being in sun or wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a SHAVEX shave.

The skin after being shaved with soap and brush often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. SHAVEX gives the skin natural oils—all the creases smooth out with the use of SHAVEX.

It has taken the proprietors of "SHAVEX" three years to get a perfect blade that no one could compete with. There are very good Blades on the market, but to go with "SHAVEX" we wanted a perfect Blade. At last, after three years, we have a "SHAVEX SUPER BLADE" that no Blade can compare with.

The "SHAVEX SUPER BLADE" and "SHAVEX" make the most perfect Shaving Combination that ever will be known.

SHAVEX

is sold everywhere at

Large Tube **1/-** Double Quantity in Tube or Pot (lasts 4 months) **1/6**

Wonderful Reduction

SHAVEX SUPER BLADES

Of all Chemists and Stores.

ONE BLADE 3d. INSTEAD OF 4d.

Packet of 5 Blades 1/3.

SKIN DISEASES

Cured in a Night!

The Greatest Healer of Modern Times.

All Kinds of Skin Diseases Banished in Record Time.

ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic.

Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy in the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying the big London Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin trouble will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol heals in record time Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.
"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg; Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

ABSCESSES.
Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

BURNS.
Zee-Kol takes all pain away. New skin forms in a few days.

BOILS, ETC.
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol and in two days they disappear.

ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

PIMPLES & BLACKHEADS.
"I always had blackheads and pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night — they vanished."

CORNS.
The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning.

ERYSIPELAS.
This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning.

LUMBAGO. STIFF JOINTS, ETC.
Splendid for Stiff Joints rubbed in gently by the fire and for Rheumatism.

ZEE-KOL

THE WONDER SKIN REMEDY

At all Chemists,
Zee-Kol Ointment, 1/3, or large tins, 3/-

POISONED CUTS.
Bathe with hot water and then generously apply Zee-Kol and cover with clean linen. This will remove all septic conditions. In two to four days the place is healed.

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON.

For samples of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for Postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for Postage and Packing. Write to the **Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K. 18), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.**

Printed and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS LTD., Long Acre, London, W.C.2, England. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Post free, Inland and Canada, 13s. per annum; all other parts of the world 15s. 2d. per annum. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for the Colonies: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., Australia & New Zealand. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Canada: Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A. Also on sale at W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd.'s Bookstores at 73, Marche-aux-Herbes, Bruxelles, and 246, Rue de Rivoli, Paris, and Messageries Dawson, 13, Rue Albouy, Paris.